ENDURANCE See Pages 6 and 7

JOHN BULL

why are you always tagged, listless, worn out?

"When you come home night after night looking worn, fagged out, bored, listless, too tired to do anything but go to sleep, it only needs one thing. You

Perhaps you're working too hard or letting the difficulties of the times worry you too much.

Anyhow, there's one simple way to get the new life and new vigour you need, a way which doctors have been recommending for more than 50 years—get a bottle of Wincarnis.

Take a glass three times a day, one in the morning, one in the afternoon and another before you go to bed. You will find it delicious. You will love its excellent bouquet and delicate aroma.

And its effect will be simply astounding. The very first night you will sleep better, so that you wake up really refreshed, feeling fit and vigorous. In a day or two you will see your whole health improve. Soon you'll be your old self again, ready for anything.

Wincarnis is wonderful for run-down conditions. It actually creates rich, new, red blood; it soothes tired, irritable nerves and builds up new strength, vigour and vitality. And it does this in a perfectly natural way. It is not a drug to bring mere temporary relief at the cost of future trouble. The relief it brings *is* quick but it is permanent, too, because it is the relief of health.

That is why doctors recommend Wincarnis for all sorts of run-down conditions. It is simply the purest of fine wines with all the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes to every bottle, combined with the strengthening elements of beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts.

Get a bottle of Wincarnis to-day. Any wine merchant, licensed grocer or chemist will tell you how good it is. 5/6 and 3/3 the bottle.

If you prefer to try a couple of glasses before you buy, send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman and Company, Ltd., Dept. 293, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Licensed Grocers. Price 5/6 and 3/3.

Have you tried Wincarnis Wine Jelly? Ask your grocer. It's delicious!

50% OFF & LONDON'S GREATEST EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT SALE

Beautifully Figured 4ft. Suite in Walnut

~~£25 Gns.~~

£10.10

Part Carriage and Packing 15/- extra.

Use Coupon and save 10/6.

Send us £9 19 6 only for this suite

4 ft. 6 ins. BEDSTEAD
to match £3 3s.
Spiral Spring 20/-
Overlay ... 20/-

75 ONLY FOR DISPOSAL!

No. SP92. A very handsome and original modern design in **WALNUT BEDROOM SUITES**, with matched veneering of remarkable beauty. Expertly made with a rich medium finish and in every way a real craftsman's job. The 4 ft. Wardrobe is fitted with large plate glass mirror inside door, and sliding hanger rail with hooks, etc. 3 ft. 3 in. Triple Mirror Dressing Table with Queen Anne legs and Chest of 3 Drawers.

AMAZING VALUE • 10/- BARGAINS

LUXURIOUS
WING EASY CHAIR
in Damask or Tapestry.

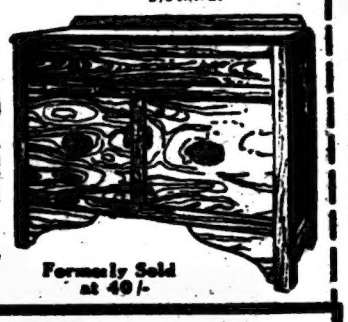
40/-
Formerly £3/-

Bolsom's alone are able to offer an Easy Chair of such comfort and beauty at this low price. Patent coil springs on steel laths. Upholstered blue and gold Damask or hard-wearing Tapestry. Height 2 ft. 3 ins. Width 2 ft. 6 ins. Seat 24 ins. x 21 ins. *Part cost of Packing and Carriage 2/6 extra.*

No. 8867. Settee to match £3.3.0.

REMARKABLE VALUE!

Whitewood Kitchen SIDEBOARD



No. 2262B. Soundly and solidly constructed in selected whitewood and fitted with one commodious drawer and large deep cupboard with shelf. 3 ft. wide, 3 ft. high, 16 in. deep.

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

20/-

Formerly Sold at 40/-

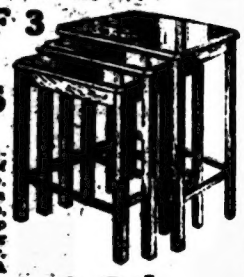
4 MOHAIR MATS for 10/-
Carriage 1/- extra.

MOHAIR RUGS
in same colours.
Size 48 x 24 in.
10/- each.

WHITE NON-SLIP BATH, BATH AND SHOWER.

No. 7028. 4 pleating mats, warranted for extra long wear, fitted with safety non-slip backs. Colours: Black, Gold, Crimson, Green or Rose. State choice. Size: 23 in. x 11 in. Previously 20/-.

NEST OF 3 Oak TABLES
In Selected Oak.



No. 2262. Exceptionally useful set of Tables. Well made. Finished Jacobean shade Outside Table, Height 21 ins., Top 17 x 11 ins. Other two slightly smaller. Fold into one. A USEFUL GIFT. Previously 20/-.
Packing & Carriage 1/9 extra.

10/-

New Design 3 Piece Suite IN REX AND VELOUR

£7 only, with Coupon, will secure this fine Suite.

SETTEE Sold Separately £2.2.0.

EASY CHAIR Sold Separately £2.2.0.

£7.7

No. S.P.52. An imposing Three-piece Suite that is distinctive in every sense of the word. The massive roll arms and the deep seating are luxuriously upholstered in a modern design Velour and hard-wearing grained Rexine. Antique studding and solid ball feet are additional refinements. Settee measures 38 in. between arms. Depth of seat, 23 in. Easy Chair, 18 in. between arms, depth of seat, 23 in. *Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.*

SEND FOR ILLUS. SALE CATALOGUE.

3 Piece Fine Velour Suite

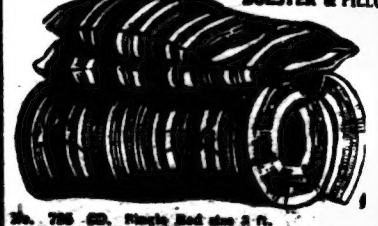
£7.7

Use Coupon and save 7/-. Send us £7 only for this Suite.

No. 2265X. A magnificent Lounge Suite of solid, finely proportioned design, well sprung on sturdy frames with special steel webbing to prevent sagging. Upholstered in finest velour of beautiful design in Brown and Fawn or Blue. The Settee measures 42 in. between arms. Easy Chairs 21 in. between arms. Settee sold separately £2.2. Easy Chairs sold separately £2.2 each. Similar Suite in Tapestry at £5.17.6. *Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.*

3 ft. BED SET

WOOL FLOCK OVERLAY, BOLSTER & PILLOW

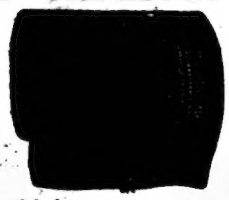


No. 795 SD. Sturdy Bed size 3 ft. x 6 ft. 4 ins. Complete with full-size Bolster and Pillow. Superior quality Tick and Govt. Standard fillings. Usually 19/6.

10/-
Carriage 1/9 extra.

BRUSSELS TAPESTRY STAIR CARPETING

7½ yds. ROLL
18 ins. wide
Usually 20/-

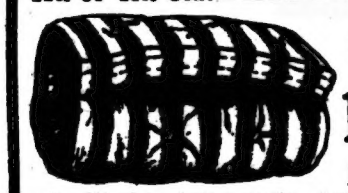


No. 274 X. In a variety of shades: Red, Blue, Green, or Gold Border with Mottled centre, long enough for average staircase. British manufacture—wonderful bargain. Please state colour desired.

10/-
Carriage 1/- extra.

4ft. or 4ft. 6in. MATTRESS

filled LINSEY FLOCK



10/-
Carriage 1/6 extra.

No. 606. Covered best quality ticking. Filled special hygienically treated high grade Linsey flock. Will give years of lasting and satisfactory service. Usually 20/-.

180 Sq. Ft. DALELEUM

No. 311 C. Retailed at 30/6.

20/-

Colours: Oak Parquet, Turkey Red, Blue or Fawn, State Colour desired.

Part cost Packing and Carriage 2/6 extra.

20 SQUARE YARDS

Fitted WARDROBE for Ladies or Gents

No. W18. Sturdily constructed in Deal and Birch ply. Nickel-plated fittings include sliding hanger rail and hooks. Below is a commodious smooth action drawer. Measures 6 ft. high, 2 ft. 3 in. wide, 16 in. deep.

20/-
Usual Price 45/-.
Part Carr. and Packing 2/6 extra.

4 USEFUL KITCHEN CHAIRS

USE COUPON AND SECURE EXTRA DISCOUNT.

Reduced from 37/6.

No. 457C. Set of Four Strong Kitchen Chairs, with turned spindles. Well-fitting joints. Made of specially seasoned wood that will stand hard usage and give lasting service. Finished Medium Dark Stain and Varnished.

20/-

Part cost of Packing and Carriage 2/6 extra.

HOUSEHOLD WRINGER AND STAND

20/-
Complete.

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

No. 9062. Of great strength and mechanical perfection. GUARANTEED 5 years. 16 in. rubber rollers, 2-way clamps for either table or washtub. Double clothes slide and metal frame. Strong wooden stand with board.
Usual Price 40/-

Fireside ROCKING CHAIR

Usually 35/6.

20/-
Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

No. 8492. The most comfortable Fireside Chair ever designed. Strongly made. Height 27 in., width 21 in. Rockers 27 in. long. Cushion covered Brown plush with piped border. Curved back covered leather cloth. Finished Jacobean shade.

USEFUL OAK CHEST of 3 Drawers.

Usually 35/-

20/-

No. S.P. 2 ft. 6 ins. wide, 2 ft. 6 ins. high, 14 ins. deep. This Dressing Table has 3 large drawers with oxidised drawer pulls, and is soundly constructed of Solid Oak Polished a nice medium brown.

Part Cost Packing and Carriage 2/6 extra.

REVOLVING BOOK TABLE

Maximum Book Storage in Minimum Space, also useful as a Tea Table. Size 21 ins. high. Top 18 ins. x 18 ins.
126 ONLY. No. 490C
Were 2 Gns.
TO CLEAR ONLY

20/- each.

Part cost of Packing and Carriage 2/6 extra.

KERB SET in Silveroid

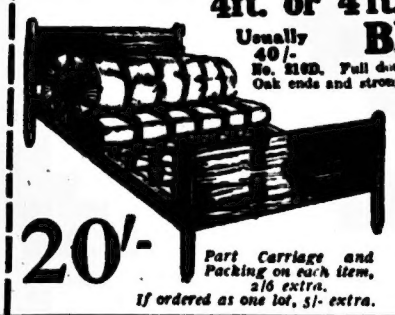
20/-

or Oxidised COPPER with REX Covered Seats. *Wonderful Value!*

No. 2206 XB. A solidly built job of unusually effective design. In Silveroid or Oxidised Copper with Rex covered seats (lined loose metal boxes for coal). *Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.*

4ft. or 4 ft. 6 in. OAK BEDSTEAD

Usually 40/-



20/-

No. 216D. Full double size Bedstead with solid Oak ends and strong iron sides. With patent fittings. Polished a rich Jacobean-Brown. Size 6 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. or 4ft. 6 in. **20/-**. 42-COIL SPRING MATTRESS of the finest and most reliable manufacture, 20/- extra.

OVERLAY MATTRESS 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in., 20/- extra.

Part Carriage and Packing on each item, 2/6 extra. If ordered as one lot, 5/- extra.

BOLSOMS'

40-44, STRAND. W.C.2. 60, OXFORD ST. W.1

OUR OXFORD STREET DEPOT
Open daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.
CLOSED SATURDAY at 1 p.m.
OUR STRAND DEPOT
Open daily 9 to 8. Close Thursday 1 p.m.
Open all Day Saturday to 9 p.m.

This Coupon entitles you to deduct 1/- from every Pound of the total value of your order, and 6d. from every complete 10/-. (You should deduct discount yourself, and send us nett amount only.)
This Coupon must be forwarded with Remittance.

1/- SAVED IN EVERY £

BOLSOM BROS. SALE

EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT

SPECIAL CLEARANCE

Use the Coupon

2,000 PRS. SUPER WORK BOOTS

NOTE
UPPERS IN ONE PIECE WITH STITCHED-ON BACK
AMAZING BOOT AT AN AMAZINGLY LOW PRICE
NOTE
THE VAMP IS IN ONE PIECE WITH TOE CAP STITCHED OVER
NOTE
THE LARGE RIDGE HOBS ROUND SOLE AND ROWS OF SQUARE HOBS
10/6

Nothing approaching this amazingly Hard-Wearing boot has ever been put on the market before under 21/-. Read carefully this remarkable specification :—
Uppers—Full Chrome Grain Hide; back in one piece with stitched-on counter.
Soles—Grain leather inner sole; stout Grain leather under sole; solid leather butt bend English tanned outer sole.
Heel—All leather whole lifts.

Postage 1/-.

Making—Screwed and stitched; closed with Pure Flax Waxed Thread; nailed with one row Ridge Hobs to heel; 3 rows of Square Hobs: iron heel and toe plates. One pair of straight cut hip laces supplied Free. Sizes—6 to 10 (11, 1/- extra; 12 and 13, 2/6 extra). Quote No. 250A when ordering.

Genuine "BEVA" Boots

The World's Finest Winter Footwear

B.B.222. IN BLACK OR TAN. With uppers of solid ¼ in. Beva Leather, which is yet as soft and pliable as a glove, and three through finest English butt bend soles, thoroughly waterproofed, this boot will retain its shape and sterling qualities through a very long period of really hard wear under the worst conditions. It is absolutely waterproof and will keep the feet dry and warm in any weather. Usually 30/-. Reduced to 18/- per pair. THE IDEAL BOOT FOR FARMERS, GAMEKEEPERS, SPORTSMEN, WALKING, SHOOTING, DIGGING, and any other occupation that requires a solid hard-wearing boot.

~~30/-~~ 18/-

Postage 1/-

UNLINED UPPERS 7/8 THICKNESS
DOUBLE WATERPROOF TOPS
ALL LEATHER WHOLE-LIFT HEELS
SOLID LEATHER INNER SOLE
WATER & DAMPROOF LAYER BETWEEN SOLES
STOUT FIRST QUALITY ALL-LEATHER SOLE
MIDDLE SOLE FROM TOE TO HEEL
SOLID BUTT BEND OUTER SOLE

Stocked in sizes 5 to 10 (size 11, 1/- extra; 12 and 13, 2/6 extra).

HALF-PRICE OFFER!

~~20/-~~ 10/-

Postage 1/-

Stocked in sizes 5 to 10 (size 11, 1/- extra; 12 and 13, 2/6 extra).

Full Chrome Boots

Stoutly built full-chrome grained leather No-cap boots with extra thick pliable uppers, leather lined vamp, and stout double soles, screwed and stitched. Waterproof tongue. Tips and heel-plates. **About 180 pairs only.** Also about 240 pairs with Toe-caps. We have secured this further consignment of these boots—originally made to sell at 20/- per Pair—and we are clearing them at **much Less Than Cost!** Quote 8F. 160X. In Black only.

4 in 1 TRENCH-COAT

20/-

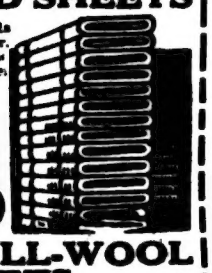
Postage 1/-

~~Reduced from 42/-~~

W. 160. A thoroughly reliable Trench Coat of sterling qualities in double-breasted style with belt, slip-in pockets and stormtabs on cuffs. In Fawn or Navy stormproof Gabardine fabric. With 3 linings — non-perishable oilskin, check lining, detachable warm lining. All sizes, 34 to 44 ins. chest.

SEND FOR ILLUS-SALE CATALOGUE

6,000 Pairs GOVT. UNBLEACHED SHEETS



No. S.P. 95. These super-quality Sheets are absolutely unequalled for hard wear. They are hemmed ready for use, and guaranteed to wash snow-white after a few washings.

4 Pairs sent Post Free.

70 x 100 ins. approx., 5/9 per pair, Reduced from 8/11.
80 x 100 ins. approx., 6/9 per pair, Reduced from 9/11.
Post 9d. extra.
1 Pair—86 x 90 ins. approx. 4/9

1,750 Pairs ALL-WOOL BLANKETS

S.P.94. Splendid Blankets for wear, and guaranteed pure ALL-WOOL. Of superior Yorkshire manufacture, very reliable and of good heavy weight. Size approx. 72 ins. x 52 ins.

PER PAIR 8/9

Carr. 1/- extra.

Full Double Bed Size 14/9.

CHILDREN'S SCHOOL FOOTWEAR with "ITSHIDE" Soles & Heels

REDUCED PRICES

Sizes 7, 8, 9, 10

3/9

Sizes 11, 12, 13 and 1, 4/9
Sizes 2, 3, 4 and 5, 5/9
Postage 6d.

BB 5140.

Strong Shoes for Boys and Girls in Black or Tan Chrome uppers, leather lined. Guaranteed for real hard wear. Oxford and One-bar styles as illustrated. Quote No. of style required

BB 5120.

COMPETITION COAT *For Perfect Weather Protection*

20/-

POSTAGE 1/-

M 110A. The ideal Coat for the motor-cyclist. Of finest quality extra-heavy Black rubbered material, with full storm-proof collar, wide skirt, Teddy Bear lined or Beavertine back.

SPECIAL FEATURES: Collar strap fastener, leg straps, studded flap pockets and sleeve cuffs, all seams double stitched and rubber taped. All sizes 34 to 44 ins. chest. **Reduced from 27/6.**

SKI-CAP to match 2/3. Post 6d. extra.

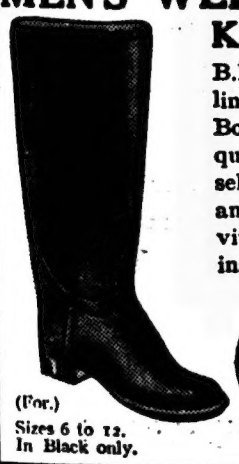
Gent's Fleeced Back WATERPROOF

~~20/-~~ 10/-

Postage 9d.

No. W. 114.—Serviceable Waterproof of finest Indiana cotton, with cosy fleeced check back. Well tailored and finished in smart D.B. style with belt all round, and storm-tabs on cuffs. Thoroughly proofed and tested to withstand the heaviest rains, and guaranteed to give every satisfaction in wear. Wonderful value for money. In Fawn only. Sizes 34-44 ins. chest.

Clearance of MEN'S WELLINGTONS KNEE BOOTS



B.B. **236W.**—A special line of Men's Knee Boots made from fine quality rubber specially selected for its strength and durability. All vital parts—such as instep, heel, toe, etc.—are specially reinforced for added strength.

(For.)

8/9

Sizes 6 to 12. In Black only.

Postage 1/-

Children's LEATHERETTE RAINCOAT

Ideal for Winter Wear

W.1121. Splendidly made and finished in thoroughly proofed leatherette with fleecy warm lining and guaranteed absolutely reliable in every respect. In double-breasted belted style and available in Red, Green, Saxe, Black and Brown. Sizes: 22 to 36 ins. length, including sou'-westers.

39 to 42 ins. length, including sou'-westers, 6/9.

5/9

Postage 6d.

CHILDREN'S WELLINGTONS

W.L. 226. Made from the finest rubber procurable, wool lined; reinforced heels and insteps. Very comfortable and attractive. In Black only. Sizes 6 to 10.

(For.)

2/6

Sizes 11 to 2 3/6. Postage 6d.

USE THIS COUPON AND SAVE MONEY!

DISCOUNT COUPON

This Coupon entitles you to deduct 1/- from every Pound (£) of the total value of your order, and 6d. from every complete 10/-. (You should deduct discount yourself, and send us nett amount only.)

THIS COUPON MUST BE FORWARDED WITH REMITTANCE

1/- SAVED IN EVERY £

OUR ONLY FOOTWEAR BRANCHES

ALDGATE, 26, Aldgate High St., E.C.3
WESTMINSTER, 50, Strand, W.C.2
*BETHNAL Gn., 183-5, Green St., E.2
UPTON PARK, 291, Green St., E.13
FOREST GATE, 1a, Woodgrange Rd., E.7
*VICTORIA DK., 23-31, Bathbone St., E.16
WOOD GREEN, 145, High Rd., N.22
POPLAR, 96, Christ St., E.14
SUTTON, 151, High St.
CROYDON, 129a, North End.
*Open on Sundays.

POST YOUR ORDER NOW! with remittance plus postage (Post Free over 25/-) or use the C.O.D. way and pay the postman—or call! Don't forget to use the Coupon which entitles you to deduct 1/- discount from each pound or 6d. discount from each complete 10/- of your order.

BOLSOM BROS

Dept. No. 4B, 157-8, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Black Cat Smokers Get this FINE NEW RADIO FREE!

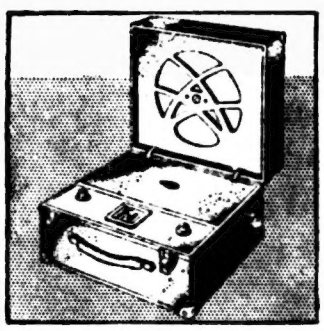
RIVIERA

2 VALVE RADIO

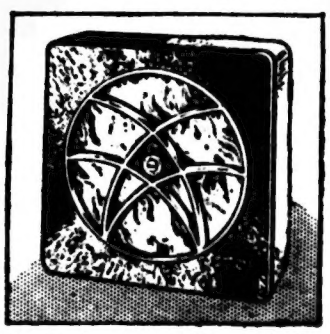
IN POLISHED BAKELITE WALNUT FINISH

A handsome addition to the modern home, that will be the envy of all your friends, and give you endless pleasure by its flawless performance. Everything is of the best—Mullard Master-Valves, enclosed loudspeaker, polished bakelite cabinet in attractive walnut finish. It tunes from 230 to 550 metres on short waves and 1,000 to 2,000 metres on long waves. Here's a gift of outstanding quality, exclusive to smokers of cigarettes of real quality—Black Cat.

Write for the wonderful NEW 13th Edition Black Cat FREE GIFT BOOK with colour illustrations and a "start-off" of 5 FREE Coupons . . . right now, to BLACK CAT 'GIFTS DEPT.' 8, Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.



THE "UNIVERSE" 4-VALVE SCREENED-GRID PORTABLE RECEIVER—ALL COMPLETE—READY TO SWITCH ON. With four Mullard Master-Valves, H.T. Battery, Grid Bias Battery, and unspillable Accumulator. Fitted Loudspeaker and internal Aerial. This instrument is of high selectivity and wide range. Easily controlled by a calibrated dial marked to show from 230 to 550 metres on short waves and 1,000 to 2,000 metres on long waves
2500 *Coupons*



"RIVIERA" CONE LOUDSPEAKER. In polished bakelite cabinet. Walnut effect. Resistance 1,000 ohms D.C. .. 450 *Coupons*

free for smoking 200 packets of 20

BLACK CAT RED BAND (=1,000 COUPONS)

you get

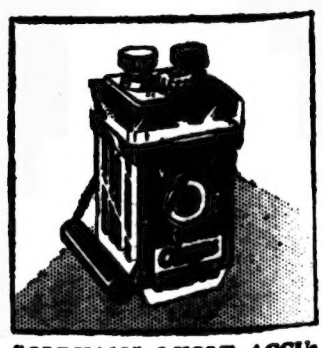
Black Cat

100% PURE VIRGINIA 'QUALITY'

and far finer gifts!

"Nonotron" Valves are fully guaranteed, and are obtainable in whatever voltage your set requires. They are British Made, and you can rely upon their giving good service and excellent reception.

ORDINARY AND POWER VALVES .. .. 130 *Coupons.*
SUPER POWER VALVES 160 *Coupons.*
SCREENED GRID H.F. VALVES .. .. 275 *Coupons.*



"OLDHAM" 2-VOLT ACCUMULATOR (Type 0.25) Complete with carrying handle.. 150 *Coupons*

STILL BETTER GIFTS & 5 COUPONS IN EVERY 20 PACKET OF BLACK CAT RED BAND 1/-

SEND FOR WONDERFUL *NEW* 72 PAGE GIFT BOOK WITH FINE COLOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

Without Fear or Favour

"John Bull," 7/1/33.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

for Week ending Saturday, January 7, 1933. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Heroically, London.

A Criminal Industry

Where is the Prince Charming who will awaken the Sleeping Beauty of Electricity from her long, long sleep?

IT is said that no one can indict a whole nation. And it may be said that the same applies to a whole industry.

Yet we propose doing it to-day—and with every justification.

The industry we place in the dock is that which controls the supply of electricity to the 12,000,000 households in this country.

The charge is of gross and persistent neglect of its duty to the public. We shall prove that while it might with advantage employ many more millions in money, and many more thousands of men, it resolutely does neither.

Under ordinary conditions an industry that does not give full service to the community and does not do all the sound business that waits to be done is a nuisance. Under present conditions, with an economic blight upon us, it is criminal.

It will, of course, advance what it doubtless considers a complete answer to our charges of apathy and of going "dead slow" when the signal should be "full speed ahead."

DID not the total sales of electricity increase 4.3 per cent. in the darkest year of crisis, in the face of a heavy drop in the demand from factories and workshops?

Our reply is that the 4.3 per cent. could have been doubled or trebled if the electric supply people had put half as much kick into their business methods as the maker of small cars or the seller of patent medicines.

There are 666 undertakings—some companies, some municipalities—supplying electricity to the public. Most of them are duds. A few of them do their job properly.

What we mean by "doing their job properly" can be stated very simply.

They must sell current cheaply; be able to give an ample supply to everybody; make it easy for people to wire their houses for electric service; encourage the hire or hire-purchase of the more expensive electrical appliances like cookers or refrigerators; give efficient "service" by maintaining appliances in good condition.

Lastly, they must, by showrooms, exhibitions, demonstrations, lectures, advertising, and canvassing, educate every consumer up to making the fullest use of electricity.

It ought to be easy to say whether electricity is cheap or not in a particular district. But it is not easy when one means *cheap for every purpose*. There are different rates for lighting, for power, for heating, for water-heating, and for other uses.

Even where the tariff is simple enough and offers cheap electricity, it does not always mean what it says. Many undertakings that put their rates for cooking and heating at something like one penny per unit would be scared stiff if hundreds or even dozens of consumers took it on.

THEIR rates are little more than camouflage, because the mains were laid for lighting only and cannot carry the heavier currents required for cooking and heating.

Before the bigger business could be tackled in earnest, the undertakings would need to spend tens of thousands of pounds on additional mains, and as they are doing quite well, thank you, with the lighting business, they would rather not be disturbed.

The consequence is that up and down the country there are any number of undertakings that ought, at the present moment, to be spending capital freely on cables, substations and other plant required to make electricity abundant. They are shirking their job.

The same situation appears in connection with assisted wiring schemes and with hiring and hire-purchasing apparatus. These make it easy for the householder to get his home wired and equipped with cookers, fires, water-heaters and so on.

Wherever such facilities have been put into force, they have brought a profitable harvest in new consumers, in new orders for electrical appliances, in additional demands for electricity.

All that is needed to set them going is capital, and the undertakings can get all the money they want for the asking, cheaper than it has been for years.

The amount of money spent by the entire 666 undertakings on letting the public know the virtues of their goods is less than a single tobacco firm spends on telling the public that its cigarettes are a cure for bronchitis. The proportion of employees on the sales side is minute, and the salaries paid to them would hardly tempt a dustman.

The contrast between the limitless possibilities of this industry and the meagre efforts made to realise them is so striking that it must have some broad explanation. The explanation is simply that the whole business from the start has been under the control of engineers trained *to make electricity*.

In no other industry that we know of is the engineer allowed to control policy and publicity.

On municipal undertakings he works with committees of laymen who generally know little about electricity and less about salesmanship, who are governed by political considerations and who, being re-elected every three years, can carry out no stable policy.

Moreover, many municipalities also own the gas undertakings, which they protect against too vigorous competition.

On the company side we have a strong financial element that thinks only of the balance-sheet. So long as the profits are fat, the directors are content. Public service and electrical progress and work for the unemployed are secondary matters.

THE situation is all the more lamentable because the industry has been thoroughly reorganised on the productive side. Since the Central Electricity Board has built the Grid, electricity has reached the stage of an industry with an up-to-date factory capable of turning out any quantity of electricity at the cheapest price.

On the other hand, we have a public ready to use it for all sorts of purposes. Between the two is the bottleneck of the retail seller of "juice," dignified by the name of electricity supply undertaking. By some means or other that bottleneck must be widened.

At present only some 4,000,000 homes out of 12,000,000 are wired for electricity, and only a trifling fraction of the 4,000,000 use a tenth of the electricity they ought to do.

Years ago a hustler coined the phrase "Get On or Get Out." It ought to be applied to-day to the electrical duds.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Crowding our Jails at the Taxpayers' Expense

OUT of the economy evil comes now and then a little good.

At the Home Office, in gathering information about prisons expenditure, they have unearthed not only a waste scandal, but one of gross injustice.

It is that the taxpayers are maintaining in jail all the year round many thousands of people who are virtually imprisoned because they are poor.

The facts will go before the Lord Chancellor.

Needless stigma

All over the country lay magistrates are imposing fines without attempting to assess the ability of the defendants to pay, and, even then, refusing generally to give them adequate time to pay.

Thousands of people are, therefore, committed to prison in default and have to be State-maintained there at a cost of £2 each per week.

No one is a whit the better off for this. And how much worse off are those who must bear for life the stigma of prison simply because they cannot afford to pay their fines quickly enough.

No chance to pay

If an offence merits punishment by fine instead of imprisonment, surely elementary justice requires that the fine should be collected according to the means of the person ordered to pay it.

Our lay magistrates, however, do not seem to think it is part of their job to arrange for payment over a proper period. They give a few days' grace perhaps; after that, prison.

The better way

So instead of being given the chance to pay their fines and thus provide revenue for the State, offenders are made into public charges and jail-birds.

Some Home Office advisers are so disturbed by the financial foolishness and moral unfairness of the system that they contemplate the introduction of the German method of payment of fines by instalments assessed according to means.

More war fodder

They are still at it—those who flourish by supplying the fodder of war.

Fifty British fighting aeroplanes are now to be built for the Persian Government.

Just think! Should Britain and Persia ever come to blows over the oil question—and let us hope they never will—those 'planes would be used to blow British soldiers and sailors to pieces.

Cut the cackle!

Our armament makers are also touting for orders in Germany.

And millions of bullets, shells, guns and tanks are going out each month to keep the China-Japan dispute going in the Far East and the Paraguay-Bolivia encounter in the West.

We don't blame the armament makers, who are trading in their rights, but we do blame the statesmen of the world who go on talking at the Disarmament Conference about stopping this private trade in armaments but get nothing done.

Penny wise

The Treasury ought to be satisfied with the results of its economy drive. But it isn't.

It ought to be, because the last census showed that only 6,900 men were directly employed on unemployment relief schemes.

Yet it is now pruning productive Departmental Estimates for the coming financial year more drastically than ever.

We can only hope that the Ministers in charge of those departments will make their protests heard in the Cabinet.

Cabinet competition

When Lord Tyrrell, the British Ambassador in Paris, retires shortly, he will almost certainly be succeeded by Sir Robert Vansittart, the Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office.

But the appointment will not be made without a strong competition, for at least three Cabinet Ministers would like the job. The Premier, however, will probably insist that it should be held by a trained diplomat.

And Sir Robert's highly important post will most likely be filled by Sir Miles Lampson, our present Minister in China.

Fodder for More Little Wars

Road Hogs Reappear

Magistrate: "£10 fine or a month's imprisonment—and no time to pay"

Infamous trade

The League of Nations' report on the traffic in women in the Far East will be presented at the League Council meeting this month.

This report will show clearly how great is the trade in girls between China and the Straits Settlements—and this is but one of the many routes that are followed.

Traffic in white women, happily, scarcely exists, for their cost is too high. But whatever the nationality of the victims, the League must see that this infamous traffic is abolished.

Cads of the road

There has been an unhappy epidemic during the last week or two of that particular form of beastliness shown by motorists, happily few, who knock people down and then drive away.

Every motorist runs the risk of being involved in an accident whether it is his fault or not, but the one who just scoots off leaving an injured person in the road deserves neither mercy nor sympathy.

There should be sharp punishment for that, irrespective of the blame for the accident itself.

Scots wha hae

The Scot who came to London to look up his own folk and met only the "heids of departments" should have taken a trip round the English countryside.

He would have found that the most successful farmers were Scots. That fact has just been established by an agricultural survey, which tells also how one man has trebled his profits in three years, while another made £2,000 profit in a year from 2,000 acres of poorish land.

So the Scot can make even English farming pay.

Once bitten

We confess to being unmoved by the latest story of a Briton's "thrilling, romantic, and daring" escape from the French Foreign Legion.

There have been so many such escapes, and though we admire the resource shown by these "fed-up" legionaires, we fail to see why they should be treated as public heroes.

They knew the arduous conditions of life in the Legion before they enlisted, and if they didn't have the wisdom to think twice before they did so, any discomfort they suffered was their own fault and theirs alone.

Getting fresh

A daily newspaper is giving beauty hints. One woman reader is advised to put rouge inside her nostrils, and another to have a fresh-looking scheme—dark geranium rouge and lipstick, dark blue eye-shadow and mascara, and rose-pearl powder.

We've heard before of people going blue in the face, but to be blue and dark red and rose-pearl at the same time must make a woman about as beautiful as a bilious attack.

A gentle touch

There's a big row going on in the Post Office.

What do you think it is all about? Penny postage? Cheaper and speedier service?

Not at all. It's the question whether telegraph messengers, many of whom are eighteen years old, should be allowed to smoke while going to or from their work and while in their rest-rooms.

Meanwhile, the profits of our too-dear telephone service have slumped heavily.

A touch of common-sense would put both these things right. Why not apply it?

Putting things right

A young man named Lawrence was sentenced at the City of London Police Court to three months' hard labour for stealing £9 Previous convictions were proved against him, and he doubtless deserved his punishment.

But that is not the whole story. The detective who arrested him found that there was no food in the home and that the wife was entirely without money. So he and other detectives clubbed together and saw that there was some food.

We salute the City of London men who combine good deeds with duty.

Drunk on water

Did you know that water can make people drunk?

A man at Northampton was drunk when arrested at night and sober the following morning, but after drinking a pint of water became drunk again.

The magistrates were astonished, but they needn't have been.

For a person who has sobered after drinking, say, methylated spirit, has only to drink water to revive the intoxicating effect of the alcohol.

Muddled J.P.s

Bristol magistrates had better be careful. Otherwise they may arouse a fresh demand for the appointment of a stipendiary to supersede them.

The other day, at Bristol police court, they fined a sixteen-year-old boy 20s. for breaking into a house and stealing money from an electricity meter.

On the same afternoon, two boys of fifteen, arrested for the same offence, appeared before the juvenile court.

These lads were sent to a reformatory for three years.

A pointed tip

Long-faced grumblers should be sent, not to Coventry, but to Greenock.

Complaints were made to the police there about the unemployed youths who loiter at street corners. But Chief Constable Christie had a ready reply.

"There are dozens of open spaces in the town lying idle. Lift the ban, and allow these young men to engage in football and other healthy recreations, and you'll soon find a remedy."

He might have added that a spot of work on some free land might keep them out of mischief and the pot boiling.

Brothers in alms

It is a long way from wealthy Westminster to poverty-stricken Jarrow, where 80 per cent. of the population is unemployed, but distress and the means of relieving it have made them neighbours.

The Westminster churches are raising £1,000 to engage an organiser for three years who will develop occupational centres for Jarrow's workless.

That's practical Christianity—and an example of common-sense economics that other rich parishes should follow.

To Every Reader

NEW YEAR GIFT WORTH £2-2s.

JOHN BULL this week announces a further extension for 1933 of its gigantic FREE Family Insurance—a gift that is worth £2 2s. to every Registered Reader.

In addition there will be a 10 per cent. Bonus added to all benefits paid during 1933 to those who have been registered for three months and over.

In over 1,500,000 homes JOHN BULL'S FREE Family Insurance is regarded as a bulwark against adversity—as a friend with an ever-helping hand.

Year by year it becomes more firmly established in the homes and in the hearts of our readers, and it proves abundantly day in and day out its practical value and its wonderful worth.

JOHN BULL readers know that it stands supreme and unchallenged. It offers a mighty array of benefits that are the widest and most comprehensive in the field of newspaper FREE Insurance. It provides its readers with unparalleled protection and many exclusive benefits covering fire, storm, flood and sickness.

As proof of the practical value of JOHN BULL'S FREE Insurance, over 88,000 cheques have already been despatched to registered readers, helping them just when they needed assistance most.

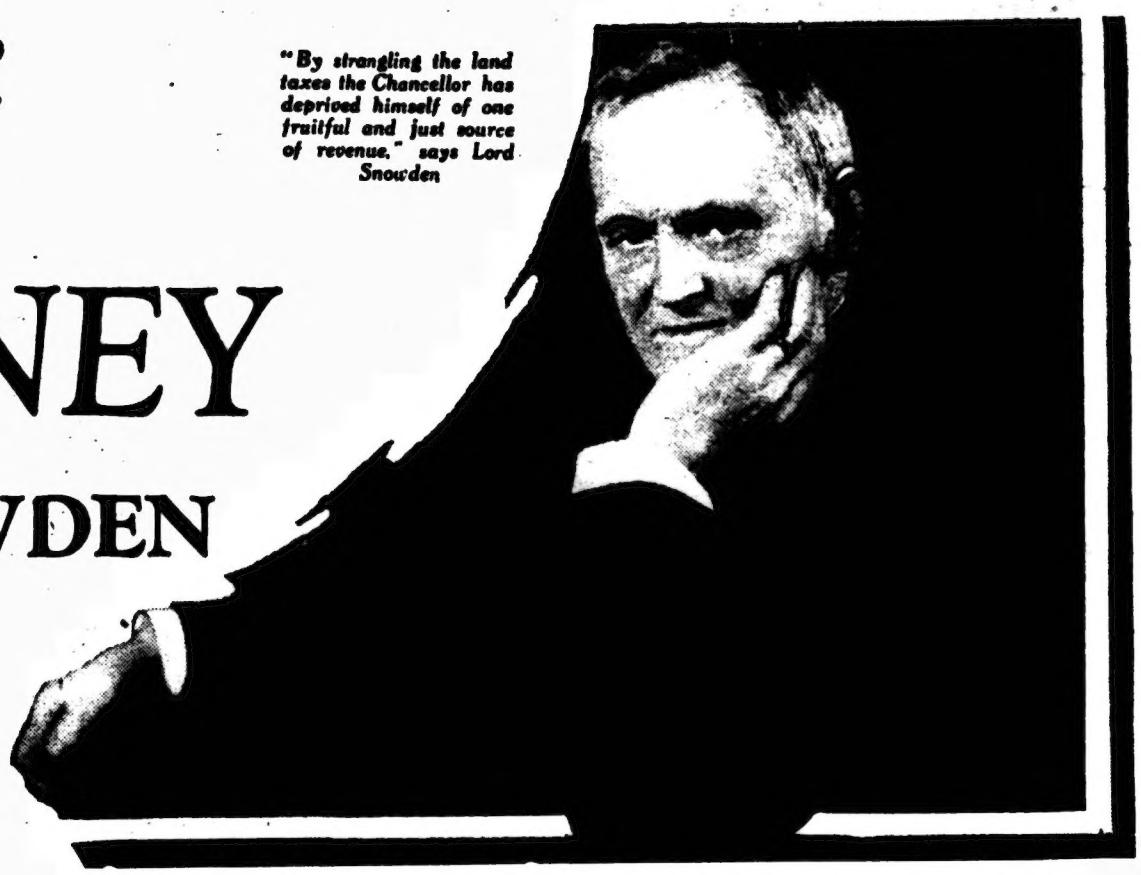
Every registered reader of JOHN BULL is automatically entitled to the great scheme of benefits for 1933 announced on pages 36 and 37. There is no need to re-register unless you have changed your address or your newsagent.

If you are not already registered, fill in the forms on page 36 to-day and qualify at once for the FREE protection offered by the greatest insurance of its kind in the world.

One registration covers husband, wife and children (between the ages of six and fifteen). Sign now. It will take two minutes—it may be worth £1,000 to you.

TONS of MONEY

by Viscount SNOWDEN



"By strangling the land taxes the Chancellor has deprived himself of one fruitful and just source of revenue," says Lord Snowden

IT seems likely that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have considerable difficulty in April in balancing next year's Budget.

The long-continued industrial depression has a cumulative effect in diminishing the yield of the taxes which depend upon trade profits. I agree that to increase the income-tax, the surtax, and the estate duties in the present condition of trade would probably give very little, if any, additional revenue.

The Chancellor has repeatedly congratulated himself on having found in the import duties a new source of revenue, amounting to some £30,000,000 a year.

He tells us that these duties are paid by the foreigner. What a brilliant discovery!

The Import Duties Committee evidently does not accept the Chancellor's belief that the foreigner pays, for it has just taken off certain import duties because "they have placed an additional burden on shipowners and prejudiced the export trade, and the present duties bear heavily on the cost of manufacture." Of course, these duties are paid by British industry.

This is a pernicious method of taxation. Its injurious indirect effects are not always obvious, but they are none the less real. These taxes are a burden on production, and increase the cost of commodities, thus reducing purchasing power.

Such duties, now imposed by all countries at preposterous rates, are one of the main causes of world trade depression.

The nations are suffering from this policy by huge Budget deficits, by the loss of one-half of their foreign trade, and by having to maintain, in one way or another, thirty millions of non-producing unemployed.

To raise revenue by taxes which aggravate industrial depression, and in effect lessen the real taxable capacity of the nation, is a suicidal policy.

There are only two ways in which a Budget can be soundly balanced. The first is by promoting measures which will improve trade and increase taxable profits and incomes. The second is to apply unearned social values to public purposes. It is with this latter method I wish particularly to deal.

Jumping land values

EVEN in these times of industrial depression the social increment in land values is growing at an unparalleled rate.

The Minister of Health recently stated that since the war two million new houses have been built. It is within everyone's knowledge that these houses have been built, in the main, on suburban or rural land which before it was required for building purposes was agricultural land, with a low capital value.

The nation has spent during this period, out of taxes, hundreds of millions in new roads and road improvements. This expenditure has vastly raised the value of what was previously rural or semi-urban land. Landowners have grown rich by this expenditure of public money.

During the time this land has been ripening for building purposes the owner has paid no rates upon it. As agricultural land it has been totally exempt from rates. The ratepayers have had to make up for this exemption of a privileged class by higher rates on their property.

Worse still, much land has been withheld from use altogether, the owner thus avoiding both the payment of rates and taxes.

The landowner has sat quietly watching the population spreading out in his direction, knowing this approaching need for building land was adding to its value every year.

I am not blaming the landowners. They are taking advantage of their legal rights. I am blaming the patient victims of a system which imposes this tribute on their labour and enterprise without effective protest from them.

I have before me a summary of fourteen cases, taken at random, where provincial local authorities have bought land for building purposes. Altogether these cases comprise 3,000 acres. The price paid was £582,509. This land was rated at an estimated capital value of £120,000. *Why should there be one value for rating, and five times that value when the land is needed for building?*

Untapped source

TEN years ago I went to live in a country district, five miles from the nearest town and railway station. Since then the district has been invaded by motor 'buses, with the result that wild heather-covered land is being sold at £250 to £300 an acre.

I need not multiply cases. The facts are within the knowledge of every observant person. For forty years a reform of the system which allows these increased land values, due wholly to social causes, to be appropriated by landowners has been advocated by Select Committees and Royal Commissions, by municipal bodies, by advanced politicians and economists, and even by many Conservative journals. *But the system continues.*

Taxpayers grumble about enormous taxation; ratepayers about the burden of rates; drastic reduction of essential public services is being demanded; and all the time there is the great potential source of public revenue in these land values waiting to be taxed and rated.

In the Budget of April, 1931, I made a modest effort to deal with this question. The proposals met with strong opposition. In one division the Bill came within two votes of being defeated. Every section which had some vested interest in land fought the proposals vigorously, and tried to get exemption.

In the end the Bill emerged in an emasculated state, and the rates of taxation to be imposed were almost negligible. That, however, did not matter a great deal, as it was open to a future Parliament to fix whatever rates it thought fit.

The preliminary step in dealing with the taxation of land values is to get a valuation of land. This was secured in the Act as it finally passed.

This valuation is a big job, as there are some ten to twelve million separate hereditaments in Great Britain. It was expected that the valuation would take about two years to complete, and provision was made in the Act for the taxation proposals to come into effect in the Budget of 1933.

The valuation had made considerable progress when I resigned the Chancellorship in November, 1931.

The first move of my successor was to propose to repeal the Act, but finally it was decided to "suspend" the valuation. All the machinery for the valuation was scrapped; the special staff which had been engaged for the work was dismissed. This potential source of revenue was abandoned, and taxes on the people's food and other necessaries were substituted for it.

This was the second time that a Coalition Government, predominantly Tory, elected for other purposes, had used its power to destroy land reform.

The Act of 1931 remains upon the Statute Book, and, unless this Parliament repeals it, it can become operative when a progressive House of Commons succeeds the present reactionary one.

We are hearing a great deal about agricultural depression, but nothing about the gains which landowners are reaping from the transformation of parts of their agricultural property into building sites.

A case was cited in the Press some time ago where a small farm of a few acres of poor land, which was being farmed at a loss, suddenly became an "eligible building site" owing to a by-pass road being made through the district. These few acres were sold for £50,000!

That owner is now contemplating with satisfaction the fact that the community considers that land used for housing the people is fifty times more valuable than when used to feed them.

That is an interesting problem for the social student. My readers might try to solve it.

I come back now to the question with which I started—namely, the balancing of the next Budget.

Landowners' joy

THE Chancellor has just asked Parliament for an extra £18,000,000 for unemployed benefit because he made inadequate provision for this expenditure in the Budget last April. There will be other additions to expenditure in the coming Budget, which are likely to more than offset the gain from the conversion operations. He cannot estimate for the same yield from existing taxes.

In that case, to balance the next Budget soundly, new taxes may be needed. The Chancellor dare not increase the income-tax.

If he had not killed the Land Valuation Act there would have been the revenue from the land taxes available for him.

That is a tax which, unlike the import duties, would not "add burdens on industry and prejudice the export trades." It would bring down the cost of land, throw it open for use, cheapen the cost of houses, and stimulate employment.

By strangling the land taxes the Chancellor has deprived himself of one fruitful and just source of revenue. He has done this to entrench the landowners in their monopoly. They are to continue to appropriate socially-created wealth, whilst the rest of the community are to bear ever-increasing taxes on the necessaries of life.

THE GIRL WITH At Home

Miss Rose Purchase—and the lion that killed her father

by

Rose Purchase

the nineteen-years-old lion-tamer

I SUPPOSE, like nearly everyone who ever speaks to me about my lions, you would like to know what made me take up lion-taming as a job. Well, the answer is an easy one.

My father, and his father before him, were celebrated the world over as tamers of the king of beasts. It was my father's dearest wish that he should have a son to carry on the family tradition. Alas! that wish was not to be fulfilled. He had no son.

So, when I grew old enough to understand what that had meant to him, I made up my mind that, girl or no girl, *I'd* be a lion-tamer too, so that the name of Purchase should continue in the world where we had become so well known.

A difficult job for a girl? I'm about 5 ft. 5 in. in height, and I weigh, I suppose, something like eight stones and a pound or two. (I can't say for certain because, you see, I haven't much time to waste on weighing myself!)

Lots of people have told me: "Why, when I heard of a woman lion-tamer I thought you must be about twelve stones in weight and six feet, if not more, in height, with muscles like a Samson!"

Lions never forget

That always makes me laugh—and it's good to laugh when you can! The fact is, you see, that you don't tame lions—or any other animal for that matter—by brute strength. You will *never* tame a lion if you beat it.

A lion has a memory as good as that of the elephant, proverbial for the way in which it will remember either friend or foe. A lion never forgets. You remember that ancient story of the lion and Androcles, and how, when he had taken a thorn from its foot, it helped him afterwards?

I can believe that tale. I've been with lions daily—nightly, too—ever since I can remember. I always travelled round with my father, right up to that terrible night in Manchester when I saw him knocked down before my eyes . . . knocked down by a lion he had many times romped with as a man will romp with a kitten.

And I know that if you are kind to the fiercest animal, the worst man-eater, he does remember.

I'll never forget, when I was a kiddie of ten, being taken into the lions' cage by my father. It wasn't the first time by many, but this occasion does stand out in my memory.

There were two lions in the cage, one getting on in years, though still a magnificent specimen, the other a youngster, who detested travelling. We had just finished a longer trek than usual, and Sandy (that was my pet name for the young lion) was in an evil mood.

Monarch rescues me

I could see that with half an eye, though I was but a child. He kept lashing his tail from side to side, and looking at me under his shaggy brows. "Watch him, Rosie," said my father. "Keep your eyes on him, and get behind me if trouble starts."

Then my father began to go through the usual routine—the routine he did nightly during his performance. I was so interested that I quite forgot my intuition about Sandy. Suddenly, however, as father was putting up a jump for the pair of lions to leap, and momentarily had his attention taken off them, Sandy, with a snarl of rage, made for me.

It was impossible for father to have turned in time. But before Sandy could harm even a hair of my head, Monarch, the older lion, with whom I was specially "pally," bounded at him.

It was like a charge at a football match. Frightened as I was for a moment, I could not help laughing. Sandy rolled over and over like a ball, while Monarch, with what seemed to me to be a grin on his face, came and ranged himself beside me, as much as to say to Sandy: "Try that again, young fellow, and see where you get off!"

How does one begin as a lion-tamer? Now that's a difficult question, because I cannot remember *when* I really began.

But, never mind, imagine you are in the cage with me, and I'll try to explain.

That's it . . . now we'll slip that bolt; it won't do for the lions to escape, the neighbours won't like it at all!

Now . . . stand close by me. No! Don't look so nervous. If you do that you'll transfer *your* nervousness to the lions. Strong as they are, they're as nervous as kittens, really, and as much afraid of you as you are of them!

You don't believe it? Then ask any big-game hunter; he'll bear me out. I know numberless cases where people driving motor-cars in Kenya Colony have come across as many as eight lions in the road. What happened? Why, the lions bolted!

So they will if you come across them in the Bush—that is unless you happen to disturb them when they are busy with a succulent antelope, or some other tit-bit they've dragged down after a hunt. But you can't blame them for that . . . try taking a bone from a strange dog!

Well, don't let's forget where we are. Keep your eyes on him . . . steady! Don't rush at him, or he'll come at you in self-defence. Imagine that you're trying to make friends with a strange kitten . . . coax him! That's better!

A little bit nearer . . . a step at a time, and keep talking to him. The human voice is one of the biggest weapons the lion-tamer uses. Now rub that bush of hair behind his ears. See! If you're not careful he'll roll over like a cat, and want you to start playing with him!

That'll do for the first lesson . . . now watch how you leave the cage. Don't get panicky . . . steady . . . steady! That's right . . . talk to him . . . tell him you'll be back again soon . . . don't take your eyes off him . . . *and don't turn your back!*

You must love them

He *might* have been "foxing," and just waiting for the chance to tell you what he really thinks about you . . . with his paws! . . . Face him and *back* to the door, slip the bolt with your hands behind you . . . got it? Good! . . . Now! Quick . . . open and shut in a flash!

Why what's the matter? You're positively trembling at the knees! Come, come! There's nothing in it, after all, is there? You've been in and out of the cage successfully . . . it'll be a lot easier next time!

Of course, you've got to be born with a love of wild animals, or you will never make a trainer. You must be with them by day, and be ready to look after them if they're feeling seedy at night. You've

The Human Machine

Get On With It!

IN the days of Edward I. it was an offence, punishable by death, to burn coal.

Only a little more than a hundred years ago a man named William Murdoch lighted his house in Cornwall with gas. He was so pleased with the result that he wanted towns to use this wonderful new way of getting light for their streets. All he got for his pains was furious opposition. Instead of being a benefactor to mankind, he might have been a dangerous criminal from the way people treated him.

It was not merely the unthinking "public" who denounced him. Sir Walter Scott, Byron, and—this will surprise you—Napoleon were among the people who denounced him as a crank and a lunatic.

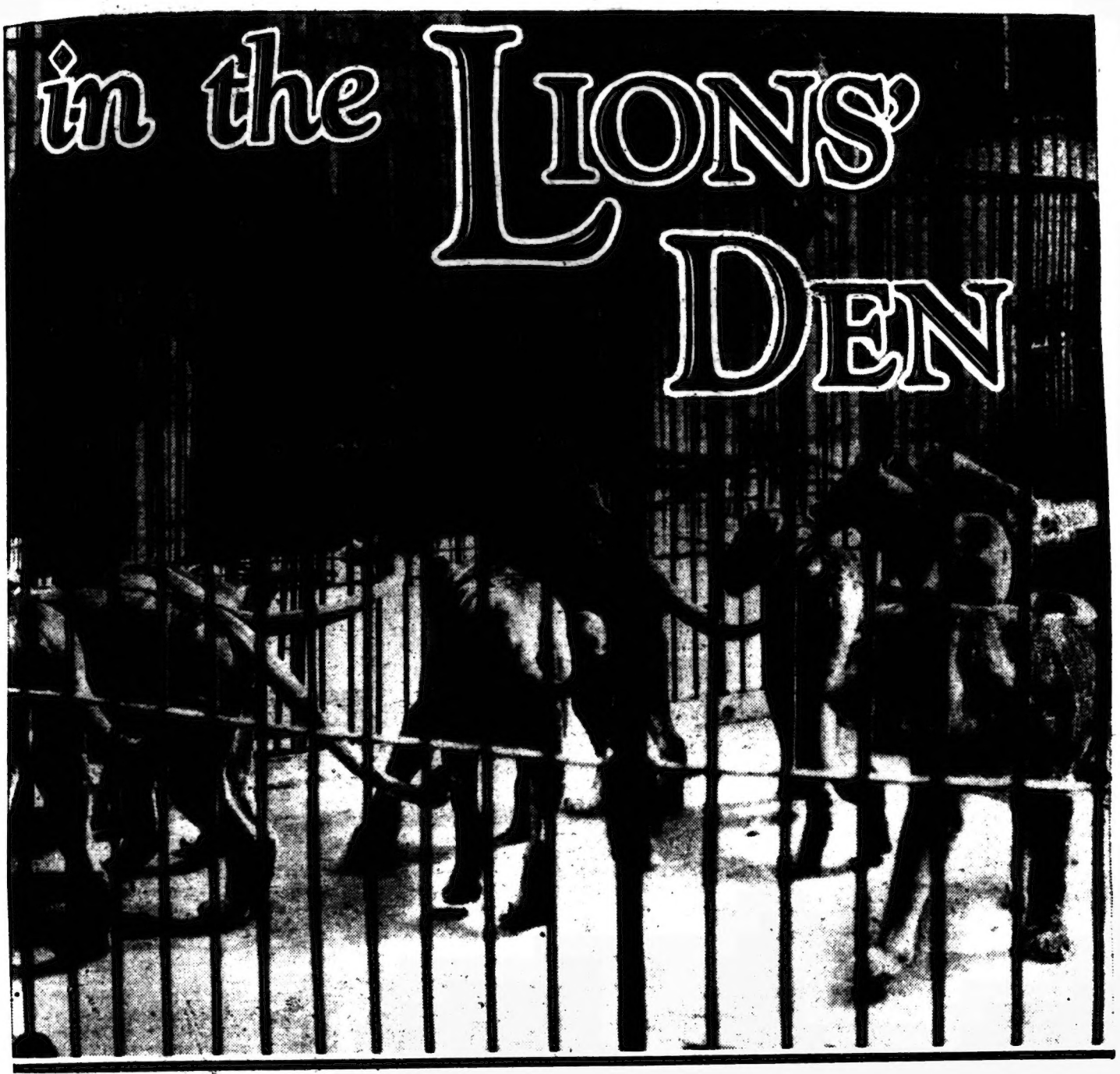
Wilbur Wright, the man who first put flying on the map, was decried and laughed at. The French papers simply called him a bluffer, and left it at that.

And almost exactly a hundred years ago the British Admiralty declared it its duty "to discourage the employment of steam vessels, as their introduction was calculated to strike a fatal blow to the naval supremacy of the Empire."

And all these people were quickly proved wrong. It was the "cranks" and the "lunatics" and the "bluffers" who had the last laugh. It was the pioneer who won.

What's the moral? Simply that if you have a good idea, get on with it. Never mind what the world says. Have the courage of your convictions, and be prepared to back your faith and your belief in yourself to the limit. For it is possible for the whole world to be wrong and for one man to be right. History is one long proof of it.

THE MOST THRILLING JOB . . .



got to watch over them like so many babies.

And, just like babies, they'll repay you by loving you. They have to be fed at regular intervals, and watered, too. You must do that yourself, get them used to seeing you about, used to the scent of you—just as that new dog you buy has to get used to you.

My lions know my step: they'll be half-asleep, perhaps, when I come into the tent, but in an instant when they hear me they're wide awake, padding up and down the cage waiting for me to come and play with them, to talk to them.

Dangerous? No, no more dangerous than crossing a busy street to-day. Indeed, I'm far more nervous when I cross the road alone than I ever feel in the lions' cage. In fact, if you'll forgive what may seem uncommonly like boasting, I have never known what real fear is.

Trapped . . .

No—not even when I was in the cage at Manchester when father was dragged down before my eyes, and when Richard Chipperfield (who is now my partner in the act) dashed into the cage to save me from being mauled, too.

I did not lose my head: this was one of the things that father had always taught me *might* happen one day. That was why, the same night and but an hour or two after my father had been carried to the hospital from which he never returned alive, I was able to go and dance again in the very cage where he had been trapped, and with the same lion as my sole companion.

Adventures? Oh, yes, I've had quite a few in the five years I have actually been working in a lion's cage. There was one occasion when a lion we'd had for several years (he was afterwards sold to a zoo) turned too quickly, and I fell to the ground between his great fore-paws!

I can remember well looking up into his deep-set eyes as I lay there helpless . . . had he placed the weight of one paw on my chest he would have crushed me like an egg-shell . . . and smiling at him!

You see, I'd never seen a lion from that angle before, and instead of looking majestic, he looked so much like a very wise old man, it tickled my sense of humour!

Father was in the cage at the time. He called "Lie still, Rosie . . . he won't hurt you, my girl!" Then he strolled quite calmly over to us, slipped an arm round the lion's neck, tweaked one of his ears, and led him off to another corner while I scrambled to my feet!

There was another time when I'd gone alone into a lioness's cage. They're not so tractable as the males . . . perhaps it is the eternal feminine coming out in them!

This lioness—we called her Diane—was rather a fidgety brute, suspicious, and easily frightened. I was putting her through her act when, in the street, a motor-car backfired.

In an instant she was snarling horribly . . . tail going from side to side . . . and then she began to stalk me! Now, father had always rubbed it into me that I must *never* lose my head.

So as she advanced, so I backed slowly . . . always keeping my eyes on her. As I backed away, I talked to her in a soothing tone, just as I would talk to a startled dog. . . . Presently she was right up to me, her jaws open.

Then I had a brainwave! I stretched out a hand and gently tickled the tip of her nose! . . . That did it! In a moment she had forgotten her panic, and stood perfectly quiet while I rubbed her ears and mane. . . . *But it might have ended so differently!*

Don't I ever get tired of lion-taming and travelling round the country with a show? No, *never!* I'd hate to have to settle down to an office life, to travelling by Tube or 'bus, to living in a stuffy house.

Some people I know always attempt to pity me: they tell me I am missing "a good time," whatever that may mean.

Why, I have more good times, more real pleasure in looking after my big pets than any girl who goes to the office, attends the theatre or the kinema.

'They aren't fickle

And, as I tell them jokingly, I always know where my favourite lion is to be found! Can every girl say that of her favourite boy-friend?

I've had many and many a proposal—what girl doesn't get them?—and lots of fellows seem to think there is a special romance attached to having a lion-tamer as a sweetheart. But I don't think that I shall ever marry.

Men, as men, don't interest me. I'm a lot more interested in my lions. They're a real study: I am always learning something new about them and their queer characteristics.

Home life? Certainly I'm fond of home life—and I'm domesticated, too. You should see me during the morning when I'm busy getting dinner for mother and myself.

Yes, I can hear you saying to me: "Supposing that, one day, you suffer the fate of your father, and are killed by one of the lions you've tried to treat kindly . . . do you never think of that, and wish you were married and safe?"

My reply to that is, in all sincerity: I'd far rather be dragged down by one of my pets, even to death, than risk perhaps having my heart broken by some man to whom I had given everything, and who, in return, though he never laid so much as a finger on me in anger, would make my life a far greater tragedy than ever death in a lion's cage could possibly mean for me!

Homely Wisdom—
By Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

TWO POINTS of VIEW

I HAVE recently received a letter from a man of English birth who has been a citizen of the United States for many years.

His brother in England sends him JOHN BULL every week to keep him in touch with life in this country, and he is particularly struck with what I wrote some time ago about an American business man who said that life had lost all interest for him and that he would welcome death if he had no one dependent upon him.

My expatriated English-American reader says I hit the right nail on the head in stating that probably this man's chief interest in life was money-making, and therefore that when things began to go wrong with him in business he had no resources in himself to fall back upon and found life empty.

My correspondent adds: "This is America's chief trouble just now. I have many American friends whom I respect and honour, but the majority of the people I have had to do with since I came to live under the stars and stripes are obsessed by the idea that success in life means making your pile.

"If you want to know the real cause of the appalling amount of crime and political corruption that is the curse of this great nation, you need look no farther. Their one big object in life is to get money. Can you be surprised that so many of them have no scruples as to how they get it?"

"Do you think," he further asks, "that the American voter does not know the truth about Great Britain's war debt to the United States? Of course he does; he knows perfectly well; he knows how unjust it is that you should be held to the letter of your bond and required to pay; but because of the exaggerated value he attaches to money he will get every cent he can out of you, whatever the cost to you and yours."

The man who thus writes is no doubt perfectly sincere in the moral indignation he expresses. His years in America have not lessened his love for his native land, which is exactly what many Americans tell me about English immigrants to the States: they remain English to the core, and one cannot think less of them for it.

But I am sure he is wrong about America. Some of my closest friends are American citizens who are as wide awake to the evils caused by the debt question as we are; but they tell me that it is naturally hard to convince the unemployed American workman that it will be to his advantage for us to withhold money that might buy him bread.

After all, it is not so long ago since Englishmen were shouting, "Make Germany pay," and really thought that they could.

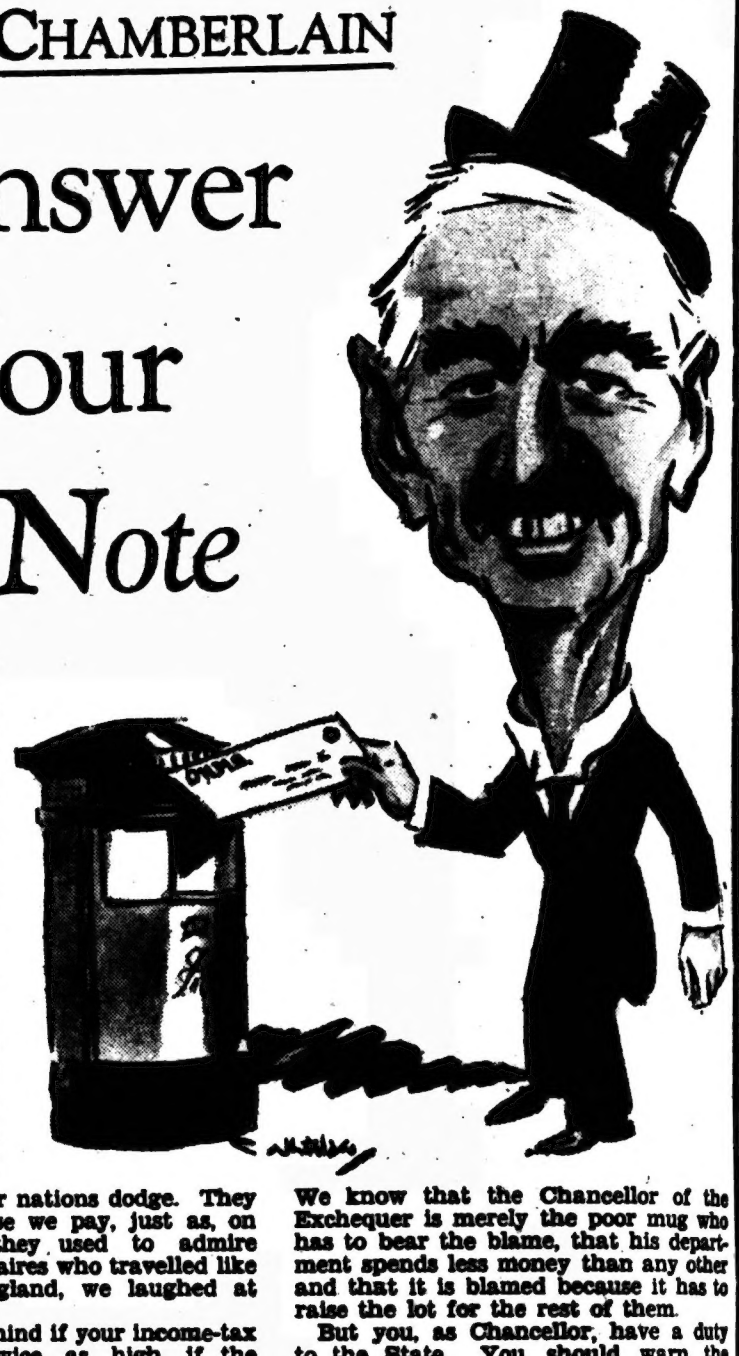
When George Lansbury returned from a visit to Russia not long ago he publicly confessed that he could have knelt down and kissed the soil for gladness that it was English soil.

Why? I believe if he were asked the question George would answer that it is because he can trust the English heart and the English conscience better than any other in the world.

Let that heart and conscience guide us now to take the highest ground in our relations with the rest of the world. Let our present tribulations teach us that no country can either perish or prosper apart from the rest. And the man who tries to rise on his neighbour's downfall tramples his own soul in the mire.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

My Answer to Your *Little Note*



DEAR NEVILLE,—You are in the minds of thousands this week because they have received from you one of those polite notes telling them that they have to pay or . . . .

Now, I am like nearly everybody else in the country, in the sense that the Budget (the cause of these polite notes) leaves me more puzzled the more I look at it.

I have sat in the House of Commons on several occasions—yes, once even in the Distinguished Strangers Gallery!—and heard Budget speeches. I have heard one by Lloyd George, and one by Asquith, and one by Churchill, and two by Snowden, and one by you.

And, the more I think of them, the more they remind me of changing the rules in contract bridge. You know, you and I still lose.

All you Chancellors have quoted millions and recited figures and always, after hearing one of your speeches, I have gone out into the Lobby and asked M.P.s, "What do you think of the Budget?" only to learn their reply, "I must wait before I tell you."

The truth is that most of them did not understand a word of it.

* * *

I suspect that not even Chancellors of the Exchequer understand. I have no doubt that Treasury officials put long rows of figures in front of them, and that when you, or one of your predecessors, has said, "What will happen if we fund a debt, or we convert this loan?" the poor devils have had to go away and work out a lot of figures that make it more baffling than it was before.

You became Chancellor of the Exchequer so that your Government could save the country. Things are worse than when you came in, so much worse that even your brother, Sir Austen, who was Chancellor before you, has been forced to confess that he cannot understand why anyone living in the slums in his own constituency could be expected to vote for him or for his Party.

When the Imperialist Member for West Birmingham, the home of Imperialism, is forced to admit that, well something is grievously wrong with the condition of our land

Yes, in 1906, I drove round West Birmingham with Joseph Chamberlain, and, in 1931, twenty-five years later, I saw Sir Austen go round himself.

I am not surprised that he was horrified, for, in that quarter of a century, proud West Birmingham had got worse and worse.

I went in to hovels that were worse than anything I had seen in Whitechapel. And yet, at this very moment, when your New Year's gift to the nation comes in the form of nice little notes reminding people of how much more they have to pay, the Birmingham municipality, founded by your father in the days when he invented municipal government, and afterwards presided over by you, when you were Lord Mayor of Birmingham, as he had been before, was cutting down its housing schemes to save money, so that you and the rest of the Government could waste it on warships and armies and poison-gas.

On every one of these income-tax notes, which you delivered this week, there should be printed, in a brief sentence, some such line as this:

"On every £ that you are asked to pay, 14s. will be spent on wars, past, present and future, and only 6s. on health and education and roads and houses and improvements that will benefit mankind."

That is not the exact figure now, but it is near enough.

* * *

When I turned up your last Budget statement, I found that the *Times* gave it twelve lines of introduction, of which three consisted of these words:

"The duty on tea which was remitted by Mr. Churchill in 1929 has been re-imposed."

That was the only comment.

There is always a deuce of a row if there is a tax on tea or sugar. We all pretend that the poor housewife will become suddenly starved if a tea tax of fourpence on the pound is imposed.

That is all eye-wash. The truth is that every class of the community is over-taxed, not for schemes of reform, not for employment, not for trying to clear away the dreadful slums of which your brother, Sir Austen, so late in life, has suddenly repented, but on war and chaos and calamity, which your Government has only helped to increase.

For the first time in the history of Great Britain, our foreign policy stands despised by all the nations. At a time when money can be saved only by international co-operation, we go to Geneva with nineteenth-century ideas, expressed limply. Never did British prestige stand so low in the history of the world, except that, of course, it stands high because it is paying war debts which other nations dodge. They admire us because we pay, just as, on the Continent, they used to admire American millionaires who travelled like princes. In England, we laughed at them.

We would not mind if your income-tax demands were twice as high, if the money were being spent on betterment. Money expended on improving roads, afforestation and land reclamation, farming schemes, education, and health is all useful investment. Money spent on war is merely waste.

Yet people like you still believe in big fleets and small houses.

We know you do not spend the money. We know that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is merely the poor mug who has to bear the blame, that his department spends less money than any other and that it is blamed because it has to raise the lot for the rest of them.

But you, as Chancellor, have a duty to the State. You should warn the country that it cannot afford to go on wasting money in preparation for war.

Slums, my dear Neville, exist not only in West Birmingham. They exist in the minds of all the statesmen who believe in dead things, who try to bolster up dying ideas, and who belong, not to the future, but to the past.

You are one of them.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. Sir B. EYRES-MONSELL,
First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—The new scheme for promotion from the Lower Deck is good, but not good enough. For it declares that married ratings are ineligible for commissioned rank.

We don't want to fight, but, if we should ever have to, do you really think that a British naval officer is likely to fight half-heartedly if he has a wife and children at home to fight for?

Repeal this silly restriction!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. A. GRIFFITH,
Merthyr Stipendiary

DEAR SIR,—When a man was charged with an unemployment insurance offence, it was said that his wages were only 25s. a week.

This you described as "downright sweating" and "a starvation wage," and mercifully bound the man over.

I'm glad you didn't mince your words. But I wish it was possible to put sweating employers in the dock—to be sentenced by you.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN HARRIS,
Metropolitan Police Magistrate

DEAR SIR,—Dealing with one of the usual slate-club cases, you said you couldn't understand why people entrusted their money to such clubs.

Yet you must be well aware that one of the finest traits of poor folk is their faith in each other's honesty.

What ought to surprise and disgust you is that no safeguards have been provided by any Government, though I and others have long been pressing for this reform.

JOHN BULL.

SECRETARY, Falkirk Football Club: Scottish League has fined your Club £100 for admitting unemployed at reduced prices. The League may be richer by the fine, but it's a lot poorer in public esteem.—JOHN BULL.

President HOOVER,
Washington, U.S.A.

DEAR PRESIDENT,—If America reduces the British war debts, Britain will spend the money on armaments!

That's what a lot of your people are saying. But I notice that you propose to spend £325,000,000 next year on your fighting services, while we shall spend only £105,000,000 on ours.

Think again, U.S.A.!

JOHN BULL.

Councillor T. E. HAWKINS,
Mayor of Worthing

YOUR WORSHIP,—When the first electric train brought the Lord Mayor of London and other distinguished visitors to your town the other day, you served them with "Worthing Sunshine Cocktails," concocted by yourself.

I wish you would invent another elixir designed to galvanise many more of our railway services into something like modernity.

But perhaps a more effective way would be to take the railway directors for a ride in third-class carriages on certain suburban lines.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ARNOLD BUTLER, J.P.,
Birmingham

DEAR SIR,—You are to be honoured for your determination to resign your seat on the Bench rather than give up your welfare work among those who "get into trouble."

The Lord Chancellor told you to choose between the two duties owing to the magisterial rules, and I think you have chosen wisely.

You will find more joy in helping the fallen than in sentencing them according to law. JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ROSALIND A. PEARSON,
Wembley Park, Middlesex

MADAM,—Your public exhibition of pique, following a tiff with your husband, has resulted in your being fined £31.

The magistrate was probably right when he described it as the type of case where a woman will go to any length to let her husband see that he must do as he is told.

The pity is that your husband is liable to be made to pay your fine.

JOHN BULL.

Messrs. DENNIS AND SONS, Ltd.,
Boston, Lincolnshire.

GENTLEMEN,—When you found it necessary to reduce your labour bill, you called a conference and frankly discussed the situation with your staff.

Now, instead of a hundred men being thrown out of work and two hundred forced to seek public relief, the whole staff will be employed on part-time work at a living wage.

If only every firm did the same in times of forced economy, there would be a great deal less unemployment and a fairer deal for all. JOHN BULL.

CARDINAL BOURNE,
Archbishop's House, Westminster

DEAR CARDINAL, — Welcome back. Everyone, whatever his religion, will rejoice that you have recovered from your illness and have returned safely to this country.

Your career has been notable not only for your rapid rise to high honours, but for your great social work.

May your remaining years be many and happy. JOHN BULL.

FREDERICK MATTHEWS, Brighton: Only just released from prison for neglecting your children, you have been sent back for neglecting a rabbit. People like you should not be allowed to keep either.—JOHN BULL.

ALFRED HENRY POPE,
Notting Hill, London

ROGUE,—Not satisfied with leading a life of worthlessness yourself, you dragged your six-year-old daughter round with you to help in shoplifting.

Fagin, the trainer of child thieves, is still one of the most despised characters in fiction; you are one of the most despicable in fact.

Think that over during your month in prison. JOHN BULL.

God-Speed to the NEW INDIA

by A. G. GARDINER

Peace reigns again at Peshawar, scene of ferment and bitter strife. And how this peace may be made lasting is suggested here by A. G. G.

THE New Year on which we have just embarked will be a momentous year for India —and for us. The third, and the last, Round Table Conference has dispersed, and it ly remains for the Imperial Parliaent to give effect to its decisions by ssing a new Government of India Act hich will confer responsible governent on the Indian people.

It is a "leap in the dark," as was said another great constitutional adven-re. But, like Disraeli's Franchise Bill, is a leap that has to be taken, with its risks, and it should be taken, not udgingly or of necessity, but courage-sly and generously.

A new India is coming to birth. Let face the fact frankly and adjust our inds to all its consequences.

This is not the first time we have d such a problem to solve. The his-ry of the British Empire for a ndred and fifty years has been a re-rd of the conflict between Imperial-n and self-government.

Had to give way

And self-government has always won. e resisted it in the case of the Ameri-n colonies—and lost them. We re-ted it in the case of Canada just a ntury ago, and only saved that great untry to the British system by a nely surrender. We resisted it in the se of Ireland, and after a century's tter struggle had to yield. We re-ted it in South Africa, and only the sdom of Campbell-Bannerman in giv-g constitutional government to that untry kept it in the British Common-alth of Nations.

The lesson is indisputable. Imperial-m is only a temporary phase. In the d, no country will be content to be verned by another country. It will ther govern itself badly than be verned well by another.

And, for good or ill, India has reached e point at which the demand for self-vernment has become so urgent that must be conceded or resisted with rce.

When it is remembered that India is country nearly as big as Europe and ite as populous, the idea of holding by force against its will becomes erely unthinkable.

The question therefore is not whether dia is to have self-government or not have it. It is whether India is to ve self-government within the British mmonwealth or outside it—with our nsent and co-operation or in defiance us and in resentment against us.

That is the issue, and I do not think y sensible person, either in this coun-y or in India, has any doubt as to hich solution is desirable.

British rule wanted

It has been my privilege to know in-imately most of the conspicuous aders of Indian opinion, both Hindu nd Moslem, from the days of G. K. okhale and Sinha downwards, and lthough the goal of all was self-overnment, they wanted to attain that oal within the British Commonwealth.

They wanted this for very obvious easons. British rule has given India nternal order and protection against xternal aggression for the best part of wo centuries. Its total withdrawal ould mean internal convulsion and isintegration such as that which has ade China a bear-garden for a eneration and has left it helpless gainst external attack.

The problem, therefore, is how to ive India responsible government ithin the framework of the British ommonwealth. It is not an easy task, and those who complain that the progress has been slow ignore the vast difficulties of the task.

India is not a country, but a continent. It is not a nation, but a multitude of nations. It is not a homogeneous people, but a mixture of races, with infinite varieties of civilisation, of creed, of custom, and of speech. Hindus and Moslems live in a state of perpetual strife, and often, as in Kashmir recently, the British soldiers are called upon to preserve the peace between the two.

Even the Hindus themselves are broken up into separate castes that form almost different nations, with the Brahmins at the top and the Untouchables at the bottom. Indeed, one of the most difficult impediments to self-government is the opposition of the high caste Hindus to the depressed castes sharing in direct representation.

Omnipotent princes

Mr. Gandhi is at this moment threatening to fast, not against the British, but against his own religious sect, because it will not modify its tyrannous treatment of the Untouchables.

Added to all this is the fact that a third of India is under the rule of a multitude of Indian princes, each of whom is independent and omnipotent in his own territory.

The difficulty of fashioning a constitution that will make a harmonious whole out of this confusion of races, states, creeds and interests is apparent.

It is not Britain that is the obstacle. It is the bitter feuds of the Indians themselves. Again and again the negotiations have nearly broken down on the single issue of communal representation over which Hindus and Moslems have fought with almost frenzied intensity, and about which they would apparently continue to fight to the day of doom.

In the end the British Government has had to impose a solution of the issue upon the warring factions as the only way of making progress. And so with other subjects of controversy.

In the face of this it is nonsense of the carping critics of this country, both here and in India, to suggest that we are responsible for the slow progress of the negotiations.

The marvel is that the task has been brought within sight of accomplishment.

When the Round Table Conference dispersed at Christmas the outline and framework of a Constitution had taken shape which we may hope to see converted into an Act of Parliament in the near future. It provides not only for provincial autonomy, which the Simon Commission proposed, but for an All-India Federation with responsible government at the centre. In this Federation of what we may call the United States of India not only British India but the India of the native princes will be included.

The transfer of power is not, of course, complete. It is subject to the ultimate responsibility of the Governor-General for securing law and order, the rights of minorities, and the financial credit and stability of the country.

The defence of India will still be the function of the Army, and the finance of India will still be subject to safeguards. But within these limits, India will, at one stroke, become a self-governing community.

Doubtless there will still be an irreconcilable faction in India, but I believe that the Government's courageous fulfilment of its promises will command the support of all moderate and reasonable opinion in the country.

Happily, the omens are favourable. The political agitation has subsided, and it may be expected that the best elements of the Indian Congress will agree to give the new Constitution a fair chance.

If that is done the new India will start on its career with every prospect of a happy future.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mrs. Raphael, of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, on

Vamps among the Stamps

OUR P.M.G., enlightened man,
For noble ends will plot and plan,
To please his many customers his brain is ever active;
And it is in pursuit of this
High aim he wishes ev'ry miss
Behind Post Office counters to be tactful and attractive.

The man who buys a pint of beer
Knows that he has no cause to fear
A look of cold repugnance from the girl who takes his money;
And, in the happy days to be,
Stamps may be sold with gaiety,
And postal orders handed out with smiles as sweet as honey.

If counter girls will but abate
Their hauteur, and co-operate,
The revenue will soar, though barmaids fall in deep dejection;
A man who wants a single stamp
Will from a really tactful vamp
Buy dozens, if he likes her eyes and dotes on her complexion!

As you have probably read, it has been proposed that a "personal interview" should form a part of the entrance examination for post-office girls. As superintendent of the personnel section of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, I have, at the request of the Post Office, spent nine months behind post-office counters, and I have recommended that voices, manner, tact, appearance and personality should be taken into account in selecting girls for counter work.

But only cheap humorists will suggest that the Postal Department is planning a "counter offensive," with a view to holding the male public to ransom by wheedling it into buying goods it does not want.

We should hate to think of a man, merely because of a counter clerk's blue eyes, staggering out of a post office loaded to the Plimsoll mark with unwanted stamps. Nor do we wish our girls to emulate the tactics of programme-sellers at a charity matinée by trying to obtain ten shillings for a postal order worth half-a-crown.

* * *

What we want to do is to destroy the legend—for which there was never real justification—that the typical post-office assistant is a vinegary spinster who looks at every client as if he was something the dog had brought in from the rubbish-bin.

Our girls should enjoy a reputation for tact. If they are to acquire this they must treat all customers alike, bestowing the same cheery smile on the plutocrat who purchases five-shilling stamps and the citizen who drops in to fill his fountain-pen from one of our ink-wells.

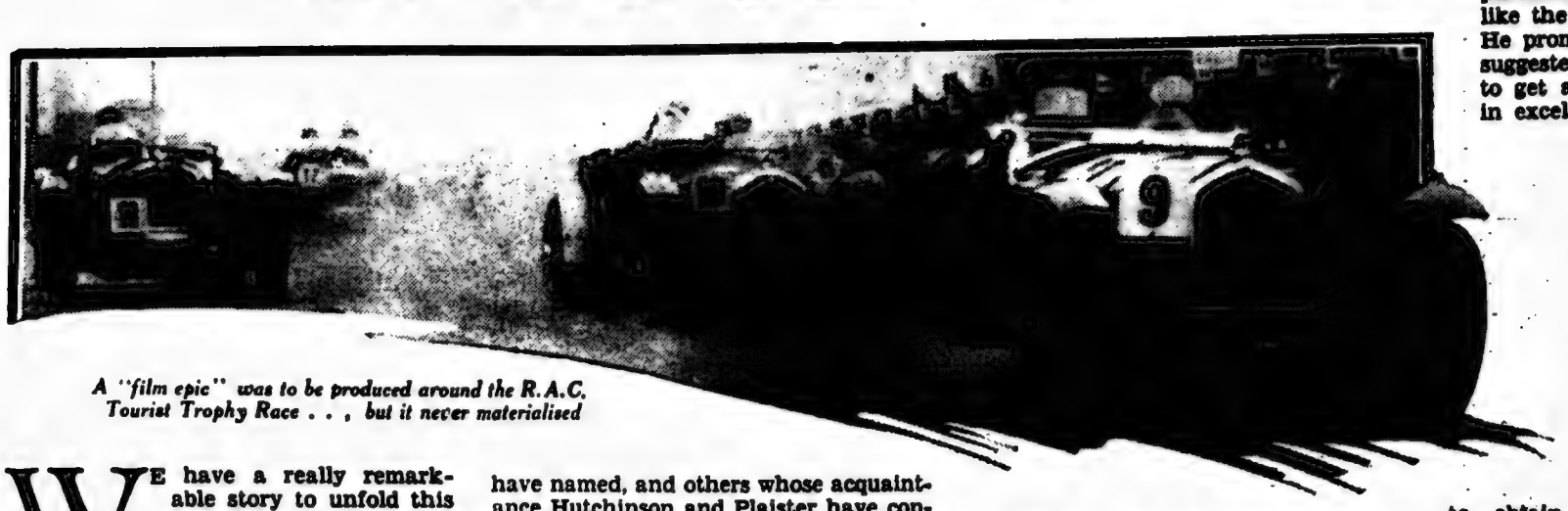
Jesters may sneer at our schemes, and talk of making the post office a place fit for pierrots to live in, but experience has shown that the public does not like being served by frumpish girls.

We hope to banish finally that glance of cold disdain
With which the P.O. customer too often is afflicted;
So, in a very little while,
Our girls will greet him with a smile
Modelled on those in dentifrice advertisements depicted.

Nor will we cater only for our clients masculine,
For women, too, we hope, will flock in shoals to spend their cash on
Post office goods, since in this way
They will, of course, be quite *au fait*,
By gazing on our mannequins, with all that's most in fashion.

There is, no doubt, some way to go ere we attain our goal,
But visions of perfection we have constantly before us;
And in, say, '35 A.D.,
The perfect P.O. you will see—
Produced by Julian Wylie; staffed by Cochran's Beauty Chorus!

Two Blackguards in SOCIETY



A "film epic" was to be produced around the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race . . , but it never materialised

WE have a really remarkable story to unfold this week. It has arisen out of enquiries we have been asked to make into the operations of two individuals behind an ambitious venture known as the M.R. Picture Syndicate, of High Holborn, London.

They are Mr. W. R. Hutchinson, described as a moving picture director, and Mr H. E Plaister, a Press agent, of 4, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park.

With big opinions of their own abilities, these ambitious young men take a great delight in mixing with distinguished people, and some months ago—the stage where we propose to begin our story—they contrived to be present at a private breakfast party at the Ritz Hotel, London, W., where they met several important people.

Famous names

Subsequently, in fact, they came into contact with such distinguished men and women as Sir Henry Birkin, Mr. Kaye Don, Lady Kathleen Drogheda and her daughter, Lady Patricia Moore, and other well-known sporting motorists of the highest repute.

To-day, the distinguished people we have named, and others whose acquaintance Hutchinson and Plaister have contrived to make elsewhere, hold these enterprising film experts in anything but esteem.

For both have been guilty of most reprehensible conduct and have misused the names of many famous people for their own ends.

The chief object of the M.R. Syndicate was to raise capital for producing big feature films with stories woven round important motoring events such as the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race.

Motoring "epic"

This being so, it is easy to understand why the director and Press agent were so eager to make the acquaintance of motoring celebrities, whose names would give them a big pull with potential investors.

It was claimed that while American attempts at producing motor-racing films had been "crowned with a high degree of success," finer and much more successful pictures of this type could be made in Great Britain.

"Here we have both track and road races which can form the background of a unique moving picture," declares one of the syndicate's documents now before us.

It goes on to say that the world-wide reception of such a film would be "undoubted." It would show the people of the world the triumph of Britain's speed supremacy and would have far-reaching influence as a means of propaganda for our cars and allied products.

Disclaimers

Mr. Hutchinson is stated to be an experienced moving picture director and to be skilful in road and track motor-car racing.

Apart from this an expert staff of technicians is said to be available, while several prominent members of the British Racing Drivers' Club, one is told, will be formed into an Advisory Committee.

Impressive as all this sounds, we strongly urge anyone who may be approached for financial support to turn a deaf ear to this scheme.

Our first reason for giving this advice is that all the famous people whose names we have mentioned have dissociated themselves from the venture, either because of the way in which their names have been misused in obtaining finance for the project or for some equally good motive.

Several members of the public have been induced to part with money already, we are sorry to say; others have suffered in other ways.

Lady Drogheda, for example—who has always taken an intense interest in all matters relating to aviation and motoring—and her daughter, Lady Patricia Moore, have been shamefully imposed upon by these people, who, through the M.R. Syndicate, proposed to take a film of the last R.A.C. T.T. races.

Lady Patricia Moore was, in fact, invited to take part in a film to be produced under the directorship of Hutchinson by another film company in which both he and Plaister were interested.

But the film never materialised, though these two film experts obtained excellent publicity for themselves by pretending they had secured the services of so distinguished a personage.

Lady Drogheda was herself also imposed upon, for people were actually led to believe that she would be engaged to "dress" the film.

As a matter of fact, she had never agreed to do anything of the kind.

Engineers deceived

Although the proposed film has never been produced, many people have parted with cash, or lost money in other ways, to either the M.R. Picture Syndicate, or another company called St. David's Film Productions, upon which attention was recently focused in these columns in quite another direction.

Some idea of the ingenuity of Mr. Plaister may be gathered from the experience of a firm of motor engineers which was approached by him a little while back with regard to the disposal of a car.

He told a most remarkable story, but his plausibility completely stilled all suspicion.

He said the car was of an expensive type and had originally cost £1,000 The owner was a wealthy man who had taken it with him to New Zealand, but had re-exported it from there as he had no further use for it.

According to his story, this car was now lying in a Customs bonded warehouse, awaiting clearance. Plaister said he had paid a substantial sum for both purchase and clearance and would like the agents to re-sell it for him. He promised liberal commission and suggested that they would be able to get a good price as the car was in excellent condition and had only done a few thousand miles.

Cleverly he negotiated with this firm for an advance payment, and actually succeeded in obtaining a generous deposit on his promise of early delivery of the car it was to sell for him!

After he had got this money his interest in the transaction waned. His promises were not fulfilled, and when enquiries were made the firm failed to obtain any satisfactory evidence that the car in question had ever been available for sale in the manner suggested.

Among other exploits Hutchinson and Plaister have obtained money from a famous London firm in connection with a publicity scheme which came to nothing.

Avoid them!

Varied, too, are the complaints from people who have suffered through the St. David's Film Productions. Among the "exhibits" which are now before us in this connection is a dishonoured cheque drawn on the joint account of this concern and the M.R. Picture Syndicate and signed by both Hutchinson and Plaister.

Plaister, we find, was associated with the John Amery film companies exposed in JOHN BULL a month or two ago. He was also friendly with a man named Meek, who is now wanted by the police for the theft of a titled woman's pearls.

These were worth £2,000 and were pawned by Meek for £400 on the same evening that they were entrusted to his care.

So, to say the least, Mr. Plaister does not always aspire to keep good company!

From what we have revealed readers will understand why we advise the public to leave his present venture severely alone, and we certainly think some official attention might be paid to the activities of these two enterprising society adventurers.

Great New Year CONCESSION

IN the special supplement facing page 20 of this issue JOHN BULL, to mark the beginning of a New Year in its triumphant progress, announces as a great Surprise Concession to every reader a special New Year opportunity, open for a further seven days only, to secure its latest £1 1s. Presentation.

This special—and absolutely final—New Year announcement of our great One Guinea Illustrated Universal Reference Book is made so that every reader of JOHN BULL can take advantage of this opportunity or enable a friend to do so before it is too late.

This fine £1 1s. Presentation Volume is really fifteen practical books in one. It is the most remarkable presentation of its kind ever made to readers of any journal, a book the like of which has never before been published.

Thousands upon thousands of readers have already reserved this 1,280 page volume of money-saving ideas and hints, but it is JOHN BULL'S wish that *all* readers and their friends should benefit.

This special New Year offer is absolutely your last opportunity. No further application forms will be published and none can be received after Thursday, January 12.

If you have not yet reserved your volume you must do so at once! If you have—tell your friends! Use the Reservation Forms supplied in the supplement. Turn to the supplement facing page 20 NOW!

The New Car Trick

A TRAVELLING rogue named Grahame Ashley has perfected what might be termed the "two-car trick," and garage proprietors all over the country are thirsting for his blood.

Already complaints have arisen in a number of south-coast towns, including Worthing and Hove, and he has been heard of as far west as Bristol and as far north as Beverley, in Yorkshire.

This is how he works. Driving up to a garage in an old car, and presenting faked credentials which suggest that he is an insurance broker of some standing, he says he wishes to buy a new car.

When he has made his choice he offers his old car in part exchange and tenders a cheque for the balance. Then he drives on to another town, sells the new car for cash, buys up another old one, and repeats the trick again.

His cheques invariably come back dishonoured, but the authorities are experiencing considerable difficulty in keeping track of all this man's frauds because he makes a practice of changing number-plates and otherwise disguising the various vehicles which he handles in the course of his travels.

Occasionally he varies his story a little, and instead of passing as an insurance broker pretends to be a military officer. But the credentials he invariably displays to win his victims' confidence are clever forgeries.

He is usually accompanied by a fashionably-dressed woman, whose smart appearance helps to foster the idea that he is a person of some standing.

While the "two-car trick" is this man's mainstay, he has swindled a number of people to whom he has sold "partnerships" in a supposedly flourishing business.

When he is eventually found, a long succession of crimes will have to be laid at his door.

Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Sir Wyndham Childs, who here exposes a heartless trap which has been set for the unemployed

"NON-START" *Variety* Ramp

A NUMBER of unemployed men have come to me with complaints regarding a new entertainment venture in which they have all lost their savings.

Some have lost as much as £250; others have lost sums ranging from £25 to £100. All are now in great distress because they paid their money in order to secure work which has come to a sudden stop.

When I say that complaints which have reached me to date in this connection have come from Stroud Green, London, N., Stratford, West Hampstead, Plaistow, Highgate, Hoxton, Walthamstow, and South Wales, it will be seen that the scandal is fairly widespread.

Each fresh complaint I receive serves only to confirm those which have gone before it, so if I outline the experience of one man, whose home is in North London, it will provide a typical illustration of the trap into which all have fallen.

This man's search for work led him to an organisation known as Dixon's Agency, of 6, Upper Street, Islington, London, and in an interview with two of the principals, a Mr. Jarrard and a Mr. Sealig, an interesting proposition was put to him.

He was told that a company called Regent Theatre (Tooting), Ltd., was being formed with the intention of opening a non-stop variety theatre.

Vacancies were open for a manager and an assistant manager, but successful applicants would be expected to make a cash investment in the undertaking.

Before committing himself, my reader asked to be allowed to inspect the theatre. His request was so readily complied with that no suspicion was entertained, and, being taken to view the theatre that same afternoon, he was greatly impressed by all he saw.

On further discussion he was told that he could qualify for a directorship with the new company by investing £250, but as the limit of his savings was £100 he decided to content himself with an assistant managership.

New brooms!

He paid a cash deposit on the spot and later drew out the remainder of his savings to make up the balance of his £100 investment.

A date was fixed for the commencement of his duties in preparation for opening up the theatre, and on reporting on the day in question he found another new employee who confided that he, too, had made a substantial cash investment to secure work.

On the second day they were joined by a third investor, who said he was to be their manager—a post for which he had paid £250.

All three found little to do beyond sweeping out the theatre and engaging decorators to distemper the artists' dressing rooms.

Then the manager was suddenly withdrawn and sent to another theatre at Forest Gate.

On the first pay day, when my reader went to the office to draw the wages for himself, his companion and the workmen, he was instructed to go to Forest Gate.

He did so, and while he and the assistant manager got their wages after some delay, there was nothing for the workmen.

It was now announced that the Tooting theatre would not be opening just yet, and all energies were seemingly concentrated upon the theatre at Forest Gate, where my reader was told he would be able to gain experience while waiting.

He certainly gained experience—but it was of a very bitter kind and had nothing to do with non-stop variety or theatre management.

For after a few weeks the Forest Gate enterprise came to a sudden end, the theatre closed and my reader, in common with a number of other investor employees, found himself out of employment and with no prospect of any resumption of work.

In desperation

The Tooting theatre, for which he was originally engaged, is still closed, and it does not seem likely, now that the other venture has failed, that it will ever be opened.

My reader, who is a married man, is in a desperate plight. He is behind with his rent, and though the landlord has granted him a brief extension of time he will have to sell his home unless something turns up quickly.

Another man whose experience has been very similar is the sole support of his father and mother, and as all his savings have gone he is faced with the same grim struggle.

When I come to examine the files at Somerset House I find that Regent Theatre (Tooting), Ltd., was registered as recently as November 19, 1932, with a nominal capital of £1,000 in £1 shares.

It was formed with the object of carrying on business in the United Kingdom as theatre, music-hall, palais-de-danse and circus proprietors and agents.

Only two £1 shares are shown as being subscribed for, though I know that several of the investors who are now complaining (several have gone to the police) have been issued with share certificates in this trumpery concern.

As for Dixon's Agency, which furnished the introductions between investors and employers, I find that this is a business name that was registered by George Jarrard last summer.

Jarrard, by the way, is also a life director of the Regent Theatre (Tooting), Ltd.

Plausible excuses

I also have before me a pathetic letter from an ex-soldier who complains that he sank all his savings—a matter of £75—in Dixon's Agency in order to secure a job.

"The reason for demanding a security was that in my duties of rent and debt collecting I would handle big sums," he writes.

He was given to understand that he would receive £2 10s. a week, and that his £75 would not be used, but set aside.

The agreement could be terminated by three months' notice, on which his money would be refunded.

After a very brief engagement he was told that business was so bad that he could not be employed any longer. Wages were owing to him, and he was told further that nothing could be done for him as the agency had lost all its money in the theatre business.

Yet while these excuses were being made to this wretched investor Dixon's Agency was most actively engaged in introducing investors to the same theatre ventures in which it thus admitted it had lost all its own money!

"I am destitute" is his pathetic lament. "I have no work or family help, and I approach you in the hope that you can give me advice to recover the money due to me."

This poor fellow has my full sympathy. But beyond lodging an official complaint with the police, there is little he can do.

As I say, a number of the luckless investor-employees have taken this course already, so I sincerely hope that something can be done to secure them redress.

Come to the Circus!

This is circus time. Come behind the scenes of a great circus and revel in the colourful gaiety of the performers' "back stage," the lions roaring and rampaging, ready for their "turn," the ringmasters shouting last-minute instructions . . . learn the secret of the most dangerous of all professions with J. Murray Smith, who will thrill you through and through in the *Passing Show*, out to-morrow.

In the same issue some of the most famous people in Britain tell you what they think will be the biggest event of 1933

A *Twisting* TOURIST

LOOK out for the man with the cigar and the travel-stained handbags. He is very elegant, and is usually accompanied by a smartly-dressed woman who certainly does him justice.

But for all his polish he is a rogue to be avoided.

He arrived in Norwich the other day with bags that were plastered with foreign labels.

Indeed, his luggage suggested that he had been nearly everywhere—Geneva, Johannesburg, Cairo, Shanghai, Copenhagen and lots of places besides.

Giving the name of William Weldon, he stated that he had just arrived from abroad with the intention of spending a protracted holiday in England.

* * *

He had made Norwich his present place of call because it held sentimental associations for him.

In the old days, he declared, he had had many friends in the district and he was greatly looking forward to renewing old acquaintanceships.

As he became fairly well known in the district, he mentioned in conversation that he was interested in a big company, and printed matter which he purposely left about in his rooms helped to confirm this.

Then, having established himself in the eyes of the hotel management as a man of substance, he attempted to negotiate a banker's draft for £40, drawn on the London branch of a well-known bank.

He drew £27 in cash on the spot, and on the following day succeeded in raising a further sum in respect of another draft.

* * *

After that he suddenly disappeared, and it was discovered that the drafts were valueless, as Mr. Weldon had no account with the bank in question and was known only because of the many complaints which had been lodged about him in recent months.

In spite of his colourful stories and the fact that he sometimes poses as a business magnate he is an utter impostor.

He has been making a habit of living by his wits for some considerable time and complaints about him are legion.

He is well known in Birmingham and Newcastle, where he has been convicted in the past for frauds of a similar character to those he is practising at present.

* * *

Any of our readers who may encounter him should lose no time in communicating with the police, who are most anxious to lay their hands upon him.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY.
COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels, 3/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Genuine Tremois Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Hdkfs. Ladies' 7d. doz., Gent's 1/2 doz. Ladies' Overalls 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Retailers for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Ladies' Lovely Necklets, etc., inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; parties, free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO., 66, King Street, Huddersfield.

A BUSINESS of Your Own. Sell Hosiery, Drapery, etc. 50% profit; no risk. Catlg. Free.—London Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chams., W.6.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

TURN YOUR SPARE TIME INTO CASH!

A Genuine Offer to *John Bull* Readers.

There's extra money waiting for you through Messrs. Freeman's celebrated Spare Time Agency. Cash or credit trade in Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Cars, etc. Largest stock in the Trade. Men in regular employment appointed agents on most generous terms. Absolutely no outlay. Liberal supply of samples and illustrated Catalogues.

Write NOW for particulars, mentioning *John Bull*,
FREEMANS,
Lavender Hill, London.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Drapery Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. and Cat. free.—Carlisle Mills (Dept. 11), Birstall, Leeds.

50/- BONUS and Commission paid on 20 weeks Club. You can earn bigger money by becoming a "BRITANNIC" Agent for 1/- weekly clubs. Commission paid weekly. Send p.c. for catalogue 208 pages, Bedding, Furniture, Footwear, Drapery, etc.—Britannic Household Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 90), Cheetwood Rd., Manchester.

A STEADY income assured. Sell Empire Teas. Unique offer.—Write, Sealon Tea Co., 71, Milton Street, London, E.C.2.

TOILET REQUISITES.—Popular Lines, profitable to sell. Small quantities supplied. Price lists free.—B. Gale, 9, Upper Mill Hill, Leeds.

EATON & CO. (LEEDS), LTD., take this opportunity of thanking their agents for Xmas Orders and wish them all a Happy and Prosperous New Year. Particulars of EASTER CLUBS will be forwarded at earliest in New Year.

TEA AGENTS WANTED; big profits; samples free.—IMPORTERS CORPORATION (Dept. L.), 145, High Holborn, London.

FULL or Spare-time Agents Wanted; quick-selling line; 25% commission.—Write, J. O. G. Davies, 9, James Street, Tredegar, Mon.

A REAL Opportunity for 1933!—Important message to all readers. Xmas Club and Football Coupon Agents, is made by Ambler, Price & Cole, Ltd., of South Harrow, Football Coupons Specialists and Wholesale Warehousemen, in their big announcement on page 31.

EMPLOYMENT.

ARE YOU TIRED OF ROUTINE WORK AT A SMALL WAGE? Then why not be a Salesman? Suitable men can be trained under Wallace Attwood, by post, in their spare time. Attwood trained men, without previous experience "on the road," now earning their £400, £500, and even up to four figures p.a. Write for 24-page booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

MOTOR DRIVERS — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening FREE employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House).

POLICE.—For details of openings, pay and promotion in all Town and Country Forces (ages 19-27; height over 5 ft. 9 in.), write for Free Police Handbook to B.T.I., 29B, Oxford St., W.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A PAYING Profession—Become a Certificated Chiropodist.—Write partics. Home Study Course, I. School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

TRADESMEN WANTED (Engineering, Woodwork, Leatherwork, etc.) to become Handicraft Instructors in Schools. Secure and congenial work with excellent pay and prospects.—Full details of Entrance Exams., salaries, etc., from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 753), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT offered in the Army to men between 18 and 25. Good pay. Free food, clothing, housing. Plenty of sport. Holidays on full pay. — Apply any Recruiting Office or Drill Hall.

WRITE FOR PROFIT.
Send for free booklet.
Regent Institute (101C), Palace Gate, W.8.

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards), write for free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 311), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Steel Grey, 2/4. Colours from 2/11 lb., post free. Patts.: Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.E. W'house, Wellington, Som.

CARNIVAL, Dance and Party Novelties, Balloons. Send for free bargain list. "UNEEDUS," 70/72, Arundel Street, PORTSMOUTH.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1377 free.—Dudleys, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

WOOL Sale. Knitt. 1d. oz. Silky, 1½d., Sports, 1¾d., Fing. 1¼d. Crochet 2½d. Blk. 6-ply Rug 8d. lb. Turkish Colours, 1/6½d. Guide & samps. free. Newcastle Wool Co. (Dpt. 71), N'castle-on-Tyne.

FENNINGS'

For Children cutting their Teeth.
Prevent Convulsions.
Are Cooling & Soothing.
Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

Sold in Stamped Boxes 1/3 & 3/- Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.

CHILDREN'S POWDERS

ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH?
Fennings' "Every Mother's Book" will give the advice you require. Ask your Chemist for a free copy or send to:-
ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.

Crossword Pension and £300 Won Outright. Result of Competition No. 193.
The only correct entry in the above Competition was received from:—
Miss L. A. Marshall, Ophir Villa, Cranbrook, Kent.
who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a cheque for £300 and a Pension of 30s. a week for life, or a lump sum of £800.
Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post Tuesday, January 10th, 1933, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."
No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 14 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £7 2s. 11d. A list of these runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.
In addition to the above cash awards, the winner of the First Prize and each of the 14 sharing the £100 for Runners-up will receive an extra award of a Hamper.
BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 191: The extra £100 offered in this contest has been divided between 303 entrants and payments of £3 6s. 9d. are being despatched accordingly.
BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 192: The extra £100 offered in this contest has been divided between 7 entrants and payments of £14 5s. 9d. are being despatched accordingly.
CORRECTION. Competition No. 192: In the list of Runners-up the name E. J. IVENS, of Shipston-on-Stour, was inadvertently inserted instead of G. THOMAS, GELLYLAEB, GRANGE RD., PONTNEWYDD, NR. NEWPORT, MON.
Another Splendid X-Word with a First 3-in-1 Prize of 30/- a Week for Life and £300 cash and prizes for runners-up appears on Page 32. Try your skill now!

USE "STEAD" RAZOR BLADES

Each blade is kept in its own pocket with the day marked on the flap.
This rests it for a week so that when its turn comes round again its edge is as keen as new.
Stead Razor Blades give you more shaves per blade and therefore save money

STEAD Razor Blades

In Wallets of 7 blades for 6D

LADIES WISHING TO WRITE STORIES and Articles that will sell send for free brochure, "Woman's Chance in Journalism." Secretary, Dept. 76, Femina School of Journalism, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, London.

G.P.O. ENGINEERING DEPT. (No experience required). Commence over £4 per week. Ages 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T., 29K, Oxford St., W.1.

SOUND WAYS OF ADDING TO YOUR INCOME. Turn to page 31 and you will learn how YOU can turn your spare time into cash.

80 VACANCIES OCCUR for men aged 19-21 as Customs and Excise Officers. Commencing pay £3 6s., rising to £10 15s. per week. No experience required. Entrance Examination March 21. Candidates should apply immediately for details to B.T.I., Dept. 212, 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1 (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING.—Billheads, Handbills, Cards, 2/6 1,000. All printing. Samples free. — Stanley Osborne, Millbrook Street, Gloucester.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, Decorations and Wigs. Cat. J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross St., Ldn., N.1.

RUG MAKING. FREE BOOK in colours, containing 33 beautiful Rug Designs and samples of wool. Send a postcard to Readicut Wool Co. (address in advt. on page 18).

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS LIST FREE. (DEPT. 46), NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 223, MILE END RD., LONDON.

READERS' attention is drawn to Bolsom's huge Liquidation Sale offers on pages 2, 3, 4 and 5. A special cash discount coupon of 1/- in the £ appears in the advt.

BABY CLOTHES (Everything Needed). 75 Home-made Garments 30/-, including Beautiful Christening Robes, Robe Slip, Afternoon Gowns, Nightgowns, Mat, Coats, Carrying Shawl, Vests, Back Flannels, large Terry Naps, Pilches and other articles needed for baby's birth. Send only 2/- for parcel on appro. Balance Cash or Terms.—Mrs. Sturress, 67, Billing Road, Northampton.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1933 Catalogue and Gardening Guide, 152 pages, 251 illustrations, Free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., The King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 68, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6. Kits, parts, Repairs. 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentbull, 130, Old St., Ldn., EC1.

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TEA.—BUY DIRECT. Indian and Ceylon Blended, 4 lb. 4/4, 10 lb. 10/-. Carr. pd. Special quotation for large quantities, and packet teas. —Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

TEA, 9d. lb. in 60-lb. Chests. 20 lb. 15/6. Special 2/- Tea 9 lb. 11/3. Tea Dust 10 lb. 6/3. Samp. & carr. free. Sizer, 182, Roman Rd., Bow, E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, the Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 2d.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (482G), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

ASTHMA.—Vapo Cresolene gives quicker relief and soothes the irritated tubes. You must try it.—Write for Free Booklet No. 29K to Allen and Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

CATARRH.—I cured myself completely. Head Noises, Spitting, Catarrhal Deafness, Nose Stuffiness, etc. I will gladly tell sufferers how to overcome this dangerous disease, simply, quickly, permanently.—F. ROBINSON, Suite 31D, Park Avenue, Auchenflower, Brisbane, Australia.

PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemosol Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliance. Send 1½d. stamp for Free booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemosol Laboratories, 1, Ramsden Road, London, S.W.12.

FOR the too active brain "Allenbury's" Diet is the best night-cap. Send 3d. stamps for 1-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.3), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

FREE.—On p. 22 Heath and Heather offer a free copy of their 156 p. Book of Herbs to every reader. Send for a copy of this famous book by simply filling in the coupon in the advt.

A GENEROUS free sample of CLARK'S GLYCOLA, which protects the face and hands against the vagaries of weather, will be sent on receipt of a p.c. addressed to the firm: Clark's Glycola Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., Oak Grove, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

WOULD you like a "baby" bottle of Wincarnis? Simply send 4d. in stamps to cover postage to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 293, Wincarnis Works, Norwich. See Front Cover.

FREE.—Fenning's "Every Mother's Book" and "Everybody's Doctor." See this page.

A GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE of "Roboleine" will be sent to readers filling in coupon on p. 24.

CATARRH SUFFERERS should write to "NOSTROLINE," Dept. J.17, Clifton, Bristol, for a free sample. See p. 30.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
You can't stop eating them.
All Sweet Shops.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Post Office Savings Bank announcement on p. 26. This brings a copy of the Post Office Stamp Savings Book FREE—a new way of saving by sixpences. Every John Bull reader ought to apply for a copy. Postage need not be paid when sending this coupon.

READERS of *John Bull* can obtain a free sample of "EUCRYL" TOOTH POWDER by sending a p.c. to Eucryl, Ltd., Dept. C.48, Southampton. "Eucryl" is sold by all chemists in 3d., 7½d. and 1/- sizes.

TURN to p. 32 and read how you can obtain a handsome flacon of a new Perfume absolutely free.

WOMAN Chained to a ROGUE

CHAINED for life to a criminal—and no means of escape!

That is the tragic plight of a courageous woman whose life has been cruelly blighted because she has been faithful to a husband who has turned out to be a rogue of the worst type.

She is Mrs. A. D. Egan, of Grimsby, and as one of countless unhappy women who have suffered through a misplaced trust in a scoundrel her sad experience shows the need for legislation to meet such cases.

When she first met the man who is now her husband she had not the faintest inkling that he was a criminal. Indeed, if anyone had suggested such a possibility she would have laughed at the idea as too preposterous for contemplation.

To-day she is sadly disillusioned. Nerve-racked and brought to the verge of despair by years of anxiety, she has come to the end of her resources and is forced to accept parish relief.

The man she trusted has absolutely ruined her life, yet she is tied to him by marriage bonds which she cannot break. There is no escape.

Mrs. Egan, tragic wife of a hardened rogue to whom she is bound by law

Ardent wooing

Let us tell her story from the time when she first met Egan and saw in him a fine, upstanding figure in semi-naval uniform, with three golden stars upon his sleeve.

He told her that he was a ship's physician in the U.S. Navy; that his ship was lying at Cardiff; that his home was in Brooklyn; and that business had brought him to the North.

He was a most charming companion and seemed naturally quiet and reserved. He even complained that the hotel at which he was then staying was too noisy, and he sought another under the guidance of his new friend.

When the acquaintanceship had ripened he asked her to go to Hull with him. He said he had to collect a cheque there for £1,104 from his solicitors. On the strength of this she handed him all her savings.

They travelled first class, and the woman was duly impressed. Egan led her to believe that he had a number of business interests, and she was flattered when he asked if she would share her life with him.

When they were subsequently married she was congratulated by all her friends on having made such a good match.

They were supposed to go on a trip to America as soon as his business permitted. Meanwhile he took his bride to several leading shops and ordered a lot of expensive gowns for her.

One day he said he would have to find a garage in Grimsby as he had a big car lying idle at Southampton, and it would be useful to them now to enable them to get about more. Together they went round inspecting several garages, but Egan could not make up his mind.

His young wife's suspicions were first aroused by the frequency with which they changed their lodgings. There seemed no reason to move as they were always quite comfortable, but she accepted her husband's explanation that a seagoing life had made him restless.

Then one day a landlady complained that the rent had not been paid. Egan assured her that he would have fresh funds through in a day or two, but she would not listen to him and seized some of the wife's new clothes as security.

The bombshell!

Egan pretended to be highly indignant and declared that he would not remain where his integrity was doubted. On his suggestion the couple went to Louth, and a week later his wife was thunderstruck by the sudden arrival of a police officer who declared that he held a warrant for Egan's arrest on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences!

So, the bride of a few weeks, Mrs. Egan had to stand by and see her husband led away under arrest!

At first she told herself that there must be some horrible mistake, but she was soon disillusioned. The charge was brought by a woman who had been defrauded, and Egan was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

His distressed young wife then learned that he had also defrauded a number of her friends to whom she had introduced him.

Worse still, she found he had been living by his wits for some time.

Overwhelmed with the disgrace of it all, she did not dare to return home. Instead she pluckily secured a post as waitress in an hotel at Hull and sought to forget her troubles in hard work.

When the time came for her husband's release she had managed to save £18, and on his promising to reform she agreed to take him back.

He seemed contrition itself, and she fondly imagined that her influence would make him mend his ways.

By this time he had confessed to her that he had no people in America and no money, but she told him that if he would only make a real effort to go straight she would stand by him.

They came to London and lived for a time at an hotel near King's Cross. While he was supposed to be looking for a berth on some vessel they lived on Mrs. Egan's savings.

Double deception

But he said he had used all his own spare cash to insure his life for £2,000, and he gave his wife detailed instructions for claiming this money should anything happen to him.

She fully believed that he was seeking work, and she was overjoyed when he told her he had done some business for the Royal Northern Hospital which would bring him in £70.

Weeks dragged on and no money came in from that source, and though she was certain that he was handling a fair amount of cash she could not tell how it was acquired.

But she was not kept in the dark for long. Egan was arrested again, and then the whole sorry story came out. He had defrauded a number of people by pretending that he was in a position to supply bargain bales of silk that had been confiscated by the Customs officials.

Now, for the first time, this unhappy young wife learned his real name—William Evans.

The shock of this double deception brought on a heart attack and she was taken away to hospital in a state of collapse.

Cheerless Christmas

When she recovered sufficiently to be discharged again she found herself practically destitute. It was Christmas-time, and she had to tramp the streets in despair, half frozen with the cold and hardly knowing where to turn or what to do.

Sometimes she went for days without any proper food. Finding a lodging at night was a grim problem, and at last, at the end of her tether, she approached a policeman and explained her position.

He sent her to a hostel, where the matron gave her a good meal and a shilling.

Finally she was fortunate enough to obtain a post as lady's maid with a London family, but her real problem arose again in a few months when her worthless husband came out of prison.

What should she do? Should she disown him and endeavour to make her own way in the world? Or should she take him back for the second time and try to make a better man of him?

The forgiving instinct that is in every woman prevailed, and she met her husband to talk things over. Again he professed contrition and together they interviewed Salvation Army and Church Army officials to ask for advice and assistance.

Heartbroken

She hoped that there might still be happiness in store for them, for Egan now seemed devoutly sincere. They took apartments in Kentish Town and prepared to settle down and forget the past.

Feeling that her husband would stand a better chance of winning through if she could always remain at his side, she persuaded him to agree to enter service with her in some household where they could be engaged to live in as man and wife.

They had, indeed, applied for such a post and seemed likely to secure it, when another bombshell burst.

Mrs. Egan discovered that her husband was already obtaining money from another woman by his usual false pretences.

Quite heartbroken, the wife realised that she had been a fool to trust her husband again, and ordered him out of the house.

He wept and begged for a further chance, but, remembering similar protestations in the past, she wisely told him that she never wished to see him again.

No one can help!

He went without another word, and she has never seen him since. A week or two afterwards she returned to her home town, pledged all her jewellery and settled down to make her own lonely way in life.

Her husband has since served a further prison sentence for fraud and false pretences, and quite recently she heard that he is still operating; still posing as a bogus U.S. Naval and Customs Officer; still claiming fresh victims. . . .

Yet the law can do nothing for Mrs. Egan, who has appealed to us in her plight.

As we say, she is but one of many tragic wives who have innocently given their love to a crook. But the law can do nothing for them.

The divorce courts offer no redress. The fact that a man is a confirmed scoundrel does not give a woman the right to regain her freedom. She must be chained to him to the end of her days.

Heartless HOAXER

A VERY shabby rascal is active just now in South London districts, where he is imposing upon housewives in a most heartless fashion.

His latest victim is the wife of a chef who is employed in a Camberwell restaurant. Calling when she was alone in the house, he politely informed her that her husband had met with a slight mishap at work, having slipped and fallen with a bowl of hot fat.

Though he was unhurt, his clothes, the stranger said, had been ruined, so, as a fellow-employee, he had rushed round for some spare things.

The wife was quite convinced by the man's story, and hurriedly looked out a spare set of clothing, which her visitor took away.

Imagine this woman's surprise when her husband returned from work clad in his old things and she learnt that the stranger had deceived her with a story that was entirely false.

When she described the man to her husband, he instantly realised that the same man had called upon him earlier in the day with an offer of employment with a big catering firm.

An appointment had been made for a further interview, and it was in this way that the stranger obtained his home address.

A more heartless trick would be difficult to imagine, and other people should be on their guard, as the perpetrator is still at large.

A novice can erect. Complete ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. 1 in. planed matched weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Delivery to door can be arranged anywhere.

Long	Wide.	High.	Cash Sale Price.	
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2.16.0	or 4/9 monthly.
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Carriage Paid. **Send for Special Sale Catalogue, No. 46, of Sheds 27/-; Garages, 73/-; Army Huts, etc., showing huge reductions. Over 1,500 sizes and designs.**

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JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 29.

QUILTS FREE

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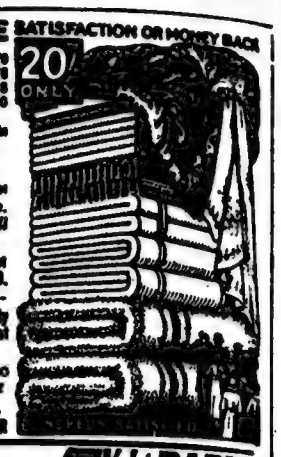

1 Woolly Blankets 90x70
1 Sateen Sheets 90x70
2 White Pillow Slips 30x18
1 White Bolster Case 58x20
1 Art Printed Bedspread
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
2 Chamois Polishers
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs
1 Pair Art. Silk Hose
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All Double Bed Size.

Buy direct from our mill for service and value.

CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D.

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Damask tablecloth also free if cash with order

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I save you at least **TWO POUNDS** on any cycle and you choose from the largest selection in the world. **NO CHARGE for ACCESSORIES.** Carriage paid. Write NOW for free copy of the most marvellous cycle catalogue ever published.

Edw. O'Brien Ltd Dept. B, COVENTRY.

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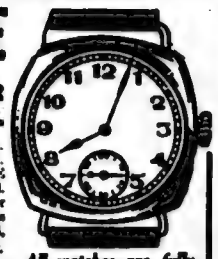

Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Specially tested before delivery. Smart SOLID SILVER CASE and handsome figured dial. Strong, double width leather strap. Bargain price while stocks last, 27/6; luminous dial, 29/6, 2/- discount Cash with order.

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All watches are fully warranted for 15 years

Same jewelled accurate movement as Gent's Watch. Dainty SOLID SILVER CASE, moire silk band and fancy dial. Wonderful value, 26/-. On solid silver expanding bracelet, 31/6. Send for one of these reliable watches to-day, and see it before you buy—7 days after receipt pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly. 2/- discount Cash with order. *Write for Catalogue*

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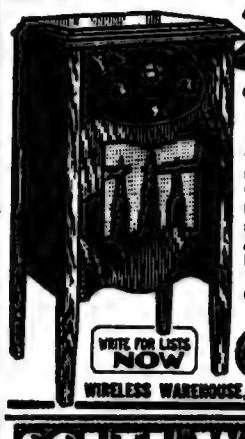

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No matter where you live, I can fix you up with any kind of wireless set, including Radio-Grams, and guarantee first-class results. **All sets sent ON APPROVAL. CARRIAGE PAID.** All ready to switch on. **Cash or easy terms.**

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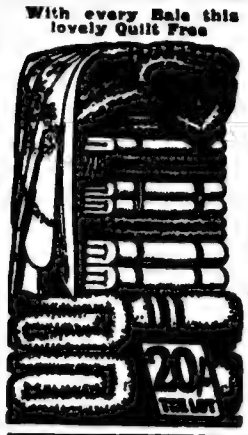
With every Sale this lovely Quilt Free



SALE!!

This excellent Sale for only 20/- carr. free, cash or C.O.D. Immediate delivery.

2 White Woolly Blankets 90x70
2 Good Strong Sheets 90x70
2 Fine Pillow Slips 30x18
1 Good Bolster Case 58x20
1 Beautiful Bedspread 80x60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
1 Pair Art. Silk Hose
1 Pretty Cushion Cover
2 Chamois Polishers
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs

ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.

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Also a Damask Table Cloth free if Cash with order.

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THE WORLD'S BEST RUG WOOLS
CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE
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BIGGER SELECTION—BETTER QUALITY—LOWER PRICES.

Thousands of people have found out how easy and cheap it is to make thick, handsome Rugs with "Readicut" Wool. No winding, no gauging, no cutting-up to do. The finest quality wool, in lengths ready to put into the canvas. Shops cannot offer such quality or value. In Black and 80 beautiful shades

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6' x 4'	£2 15 0
8' x 5'	£3 16 0
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DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

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REACTO H.T. REJUVENATOR

Obtainable *only* from:—
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Not to be confused with cheaper plimsole footwear, these shoes are indistinguishable from high grade welted Patent shoes, but definitely more comfortable. Extra thick sole and heel, solid rubber, moulded to glossy uppers. Rain, snow and damp cannot penetrate. Strong lining throughout. Keep feet warm and dry in severest weather. Ideal for tender feet. Thousands of delighted wearers. Must be seen to be appreciated. Sizes 11 to 3 for children.

Per Pair **3/-**

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Footwear Specialists

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25/- SOLID RUBBER WELLINGTONS

Ideal for Farming, Fishing, Shooting, Garage & Stable Work.

Huge cash purchase enables us to offer these high-grade Wellingtons at less than half original price. Superior in quality and finish to any being offered below 25/-. Knee length, with triple reinforced ankle and instep, extra thick non-slip sole, warm lining throughout. Finest quality rubber with dull back finish. **HIP BOOTS**, all sizes, 15/-, post 1/- extra. *Send for a pair now.* Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

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Produced in Fine Quality Chiffon. Finished Twill Back Velveteen, with all-round Belt of Self Material; Neatly Stitched and Finished Fancy Buckle; New Style Art Silk Lace Edged Fancy Collar and Cuffs. The Skirt has Plain Yoke Top with Long Full Flare. A design of perfection, suitable for any occasion. Selected Shades of Navy, Black, Bottle Green and Nigger. Send 6d. Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free Approval. If satisfactory, send 1/6 fortnightly until 16/11 is paid, or balance within 7 days 16/6 only. Sizes, S.W. & W., all lengths: but 3/6 extra for O.M. sizes. Give Length and Bust Measurement. NOTE OUR FREE OFFER. Every purchaser has, free of charge, 1 pair of our 18/11 Lady's Black Patent Shoes as illustrated, all sizes.

Write for Illustrated Price List.

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BUY BRITISH

£4/4/- value for 35/-

ONLY 35/- FOR EIGHT FULL-SIZE BLANKETS.

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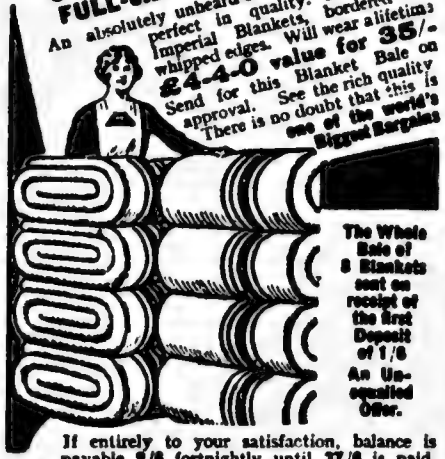
An absolutely unheard-of price. Guaranteed perfect in quality. Heavy-Weight Imperial Blankets, bordered and whipped edges. Will wear a lifetime. Send for this Blanket Bale on approval. See the rich quality. There is no doubt that this is **£4-4-0 value for 35/-** one of the world's Biggest Bargains



The Whole Bale of 8 Blankets sent on receipt of the first Deposit of 1/6

An Unequalled Offer.

If entirely to your satisfaction, balance is payable 2/6 fortnightly until 37/6 is paid. Full cash within seven days 35/- only.

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Visit our Showground.

No garden should be without one of these well-built sheds. Walls of ½in. t. & g. and moulded weatherboards. Roof of t. & g. boards and felt. Bolts and glass supplied.

6ft. x 4ft.	£3 10 0 or 6/6 Mthly.
Cheaper quality	£2 16 0 or 5/3

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—"They Laughed At First—but when I began to play—*a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal 'Moonlight Sonata.' My friends sat spellbound. When the last notes died away, the excitement on their faces!*" "*Who was your teacher!*" "*How do you get that lovely singing tone?*" I receive similar letters daily from students of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the PIANO, who started *without knowing a note.* The same delightful experience can positively be yours, even though you start at middle age! Or if already a player, I'LL MAKE YOU PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. Within a few weeks your playing and sight-reading shall make you welcome everywhere. I have taught 36,000 pupils. I CAN TEACH YOU. Ordinary, musical notation only used (no freakish methods). SEND p.c. for FREE Book and advice—Say Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.

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BABY-CLOTHES

CHARMING HOME-MADE LONG or SHORT CLOTHES LAYETTE **30/-**

(Everything necessary and ready for use.)

73 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath, Robes, Lawn or Winsey, Day Gowns, Cloth, Flan., or Winsey Nightie, Wrapper Vests, Bank Flannels, Hand-knitted Wool Mattress Coats, Binders, Feeders, Large Turk Napkins, etc.

PURCHASERS Write: "Highly satisfied." "Beyond my highest hopes." "Excellent materials and make." "A bargain! I shall certainly recommend." "Worth 50/-" Etc.

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FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL (Cash or Terms)

Mrs. J. E. Howard, 68, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

BOGUS Millionaire's BLUFF

BIG property deals form the basis of novel frauds which are now being perpetrated by a singularly accomplished crook who calls himself Captain S. Wright, and whose favourite pose is that of a millionaire from South Africa.

How cleverly he plays this part will be understood when we say that fresh complaints are arising in all parts of the country and that in some towns he actually carries on negotiations for several property transactions simultaneously.

When in Stockton, Yorkshire, recently, he inserted an advertisement in a local paper to the effect that a financier was prepared to buy three good businesses in the district and would be glad to hear from anyone who might be interested in this offer.

The story of his methods from the beginning to the end of one transaction which arose out of this advertisement will serve as an illustration of his cleverness

Among those who rose to his initial bait was a South Bank shopkeeper, and this man was greatly impressed when Captain Wright drove up in his car and introduced himself.

Three-fold coup

All details of the business which the shopkeeper had for sale were discussed at great length, the captain showing by his shrewd questions that he was a person of considerable commercial experience.

In the course of conversation he confided that he had piled up a fortune in South Africa, but was anxious to settle in the old country, which was why he was now looking round for suitable ventures in which to sink some of his surplus wealth.

In the present instance, he added, his interests were twofold. He wanted a sound business and he wanted something that would provide a post for an old employee whom he had brought back with him from South Africa.

He promised to think things over and call again in a few days' time to give his decision.

Meanwhile, Captain Wright had inserted another advertisement saying that capable men were wanted for managerial positions.

He interviewed several applicants at his hotel and then took one of them out to the South Bank shop, which he represented to be his own property.

Managers duped

There he opened a masterly three-cornered interview. The applicant was led to believe that the shopkeeper was a temporary manager whom he was soon to displace; and the shopkeeper, in his turn, supposed the applicant to be the "old employee from South Africa," of whom the captain had spoken.

Early in the interview, to avoid either of his dupes being enlightened, the bogus millionaire made an excuse to send his prospective manager back to his hotel for some papers.

Then he told the shopkeeper that he had practically decided to conclude the deal and would look in the next day. Before leaving he asked to be allowed to use the telephone, and rang through to his hotel to intercept the other man and tell him it would not be necessary for him to return.

Later, on the understanding that he would secure the managership of the flourishing shop he had seen, this dupe parted with a substantial cash deposit.

And before Captain Wright made a hurried departure from Stockton he had defrauded a number of other would-be managers in precisely the same way, taking them, in turn, to various shops for which he was negotiating, but which he had not the slightest intention of purchasing!

In Bristol, this polished trickster adopted the name of Captain Thomas, and though he varied his methods he brought the same inventive genius into play.

He still masqueraded as a millionaire with vast interests in South Africa, but advertised this time for club stewards and stewardesses.

Applicants were received in great state in his hotel suite and were given to understand that Captain Thomas was a director of an important Swansea colliery company and the owner of a big residential club at Mumbles.

This latter venture, he confided, was rather an unusual one for him, but while he was primarily running it for his own interest and amusement he wished to make it a success.

Club scheme

That was why he was now taking the trouble of selecting the entire staff himself. He wanted the club service to be second to none and with picked men and women in every post there was no reason why it shouldn't be.

In this way he offered engagements to numerous applicants, promising them generous salaries and permanent employment provided they discharged their duties to his satisfaction.

In each case he was careful to point out that the position would be one of great trust and that it was deemed desirable that a cash deposit should be lodged with him by the successful applicant.

Believing that they were specially favoured, half a dozen unemployed persons parted with sums ranging from £10 to £25 for the privilege of entering the supposed millionaire's employ.

Among them was one poor fellow who had spent every penny he possessed in his desperate search for work and who borrowed the cash in this case because he thought the opportunity too good to be missed.

All lies!

When all these luckless people presented themselves at Mumbles to take up their duties they found that no such club existed and that the fame of their distinguished millionaire employer had not even reached there!

Another group of unemployed men and women has been cruelly deceived in much the same sort of way in Wolverhampton, where this rogue passed for the time being as Captain Turner.

Again he posed as a man of immense wealth, and representing himself as the new owner of certain important local property, talked airily of spending several thousand pounds upon improvements.

He got together a big staff, and, promising each applicant a position of trust, relieved them of cash security and disappeared.

Persistent frauds of this description have been repeated by him in all parts, and no one ever suspects him because he really looks the affluent gentleman he pretends to be.

On occasion he has even told dupes that he is the son of a titled man and the heir to huge estates.

Perhaps the saddest of his victims is a woman whose acquaintance he made at a big public function, and whose friendship he proceeded to cultivate with all the ardour he could command.

With his favourite tales of wealth and vast business interests he soon gained her esteem; then he began to make love to her, and, under promise of marriage, won her confidence completely.

Big jewel haul

Among other things he confided that his South African experiences had given him an expert knowledge of diamonds.

One day he persuaded her to allow him to examine her jewellery, and, going over it article by article, complimented her upon the fine selection she possessed.

But he ventured to suggest that in many instances the settings did not do justice to the stones. This ring would be immensely improved with a claw setting; here was a diamond that would look infinitely better on a platinum band; this brooch was clumsily assembled.

The schemes of this master of bluff ranged from a super club at Mumbles to big diamond deals. The club has yet to be built: the diamonds have disappeared; so has he!

The outcome was that the trusting young woman allowed her "millionaire" fiancé to take away all her most valuable jewellery to be reset in accordance with his suggestions and at his expense.

She never saw either her jewels or her fiancé again!

A list of the centres in which this princely plunderer has latterly operated would take more space than can be spared, but victims are to be found in places as far apart as Tynemouth and Aylesbury.

Nor are his victims confined to those who have parted with cash or valuables on the strength of his convincing stories.

They include tradespeople from whom he has obtained miscellaneous goods on credit; hotel managements, whose hospitality he has enjoyed without payment, and garage proprietors throughout the country from whom he has hired cars for use during his plundering tours.

FRAUDS *in* PEER'S NAME

BY making impudent misuse of a famous peer's good name, a versatile trickster is at present imposing upon London dealers and making a comfortable little income for himself.

One recent exploit was to visit a big book store, and, giving the name of John H. Sackville, introduce himself as a brother of Lord Sackville.

He pretended to be staying with his distinguished brother at Knole Park, Sevenoaks, Kent, and said he wished to make a selection of books as a present for a titled lady friend.

• • •

For some time he browsed among the shelves, finally selecting volumes to the value of £58, for which he paid by cheque.

He said he would deliver the books himself, but actually he took them to another big bookseller.

Still masquerading as the peer's brother, he declared that the volumes were duplicates from his lordship's library entrusted to him for sale.

His story was accepted, and a settlement was agreed upon at once. Meanwhile, the first bookseller was lamenting the fact that the cheque for £58 had come back from the bank marked "No account."

Eventually it was traced as being one that had been stolen with other articles some time previously from a West End hotel.

• • •

This barefaced impostor has worked similar double coups here, there and everywhere, misusing the name of the same peer in order to establish confidence.

The articles which have thus passed through his hands to be converted into cash in the ingenious way we have described include jewellery, clothing and expensive wireless sets.

Information about his present movements is badly wanted by the police, who have been looking for him for some time.

And his prolonged masquerade is causing great annoyance to the distinguished peer on whose fine reputation he so impudently trades.

UNDERWORLD A
UN

MANY sensational stories have been told in the past of plots for gun-running into foreign countries. To-day, however, plots are being hatched for introducing firearms in large quantities into Britain itself.

Unless drastic steps are taken at once by the authorities, we may soon find ourselves up against gunman conditions as bad as those that exist in America.

Already there is a secret "gun-running" market in the underworld, created to meet the growing demands of known and violent criminals in this country—men who never move without firearms, and who never hesitate to use them when cornered.

Who are the individuals behind the new traffic? And which are the centres most affected?

We are able to disclose that there are already in existence in various parts of the country secret arsenals where unlicensed firearms of British and foreign manufacture are being steadily accumulated.

The largest is in London, and is believed to be located in the basement of an East End club.

Dockland haunt

That the gun-runners have a highly organised "intelligence service" is clear from the fact that scores of automatics were moved to this secret basement just before the police, acting on information obtained from a certain woman, visited the former hiding-place—and missed a haul.

Another centre is in the heart of Soho, London: a third is in the East India Dock Road. There are others in Liverpool, Cardiff and Glasgow.

One gang of traffickers in London is known to the police as the "Nile Boys." It is getting very active in gun-running in the underworld.

A so-called club in Limehouse and the basement of a house in Islington, owned by a notorious receiver whom the police have never been able to lay by the heels, play a conspicuous part in the new traffic.

Amazing discoveries have been made recently by detectives acting under the supervision of Superintendent Chamberlin, of the Bow Street Division.

A few months ago, late one night, several men suddenly entered a West End shooting gallery, and, after a fierce struggle with the attendants, made off with several loaded pistols and a quantity of spare ammunition.

Soho agents

These daring gunmen got clean away, but, as the numbers of the stolen weapons were known, the authorities started painstaking enquiries, which were finally rewarded by the discovery that one of the pistols had found its way into the possession of a certain man.

The sale had been effected through the agency of a coloured man at a low haunt in Soho, London, which is much patronised by those now engaged in supplying gunmen with arms.

Many of the men engaged in this new traffic are disciples of a notorious Italian named Castaner, who until recently was one of the worst criminals in this country. He never moved without at least one loaded pistol in his pocket, and was a known trafficker in firearms.

So dangerous was he considered that detectives who were set to keep him under observation were specially armed. A few months ago he was deported.

Associates of the gun-runners are to be found in certain small shops in Islington, Hoxton, Deptford, Soho and Woolwich, where, for a consideration, a pistol can always be obtained by those who know how to go about it.

Where do all these unregistered firearms come from? Enquiries that have been pursued in cases where weapons have fallen into the hands of the police have revealed various sources of supply.

Inspector Ockey (left) shakes hands with his Flying Squad driver, George Frost, who saved his life during a sensational bandit chase

Weapons used in bandit outrages or murders rarely turn out to be the lawful property of the bandit or murderer concerned.

Scotland Yard experts know that not one in a thousand is legitimately acquired.

Actually, large numbers of the more desperate criminals and gunmen obtain their arms and ammunition from humbler and more scrupulous colleagues — men who themselves would not kill, but who have no hesitation in making quick profits by selling instruments of death.

The criminal's agent at the dock holds out his hand — and the seaman smuggler passes over the foreign-made automatic. What could be easier — or safer?

Details of one or two recent police investigations will serve to furnish inside information for the public and throw light on a startling side of the problem.

Some most interesting developments followed a recent "hold up" in Marylebone, in which three men, who are now in jail, were arrested by Divisional-Inspector Sharpe.

Burglar's 'side-line'

Two pistols had been discovered in an abandoned car, and an examination of their numbers and reference to the filed particulars of licences originally issued with them showed them to be the proceeds of two robberies which had taken place at country houses.

In each instance they were merely items in a long list of stolen property, showing that the thieves were not bent upon obtaining pistols alone.

When the police had established the original ownership of the weapons, enquiries were taken a step further.

They found that one of the robberies had since been brought home to a notorious housebreaker who had been caught red-handed for another offence.

He admitted the previous "job," and asked that it might be taken into consideration with others at the trial.

But, on being questioned about the pistol thus traced as having been stolen by him as part of a big miscellaneous haul, he protested that this was only a "sideline."

It was worth his while to pocket any firearm he happened to come across in the course of a burglary, for though he had no inclination to go armed himself he could always depend upon effecting a ready sale among more ruthless criminal associates.

But, true to the underworld code, he steadfastly refused to name any of these ready customers.

In another case an armed raider in a car held up a bank clerk in West London, and got away with considerable booty.

Pursued by members of the Flying Squad, under Inspector Ockey, he finally abandoned his car after it had been considerably damaged. In his haste he left his automatic pistol behind, too.

In due course it was established that this discarded pistol was one that had been stolen some time previously during another robbery elsewhere.

The burglar, who had been caught, was able to throw interesting light on the case. Like the other man we have mentioned, he admitted that there was always a ready market for modern firearms, so he made it his rule to snap up any he came across.

That is one very prevalent source of supply, but in several cases lately

ARSENALS UNMASKED—

Divisional-Inspector Sharpe: He made startling discoveries after arresting three "hold-up men" —On his right is Divisional Detective-Inspector Hester, one of the officers engaged in rounding up the gang behind the Villiers Street gun plot

—SECRET STORE FOR OUR GUNMEN

the police have found that many weapons used by armed criminals are of foreign manufacture.

These are mostly small automatic pistols, easy to conceal, yet terribly deadly weapons in the hands of a desperate man.

The demand for these up-to-date firearms is all the keener to-day because the surplus stocks of weapons which circulated so freely after the war are too cumbersome for the modern criminal and now largely exhausted.

Seamen smugglers

So the traffic in this country in arms smuggled in from abroad grows day by day.

Large quantities of the smaller type of automatic pistol now freely manufactured in Spain, Belgium and France are brought in through our ports.

They are smuggled in, three or four at a time, mostly by foreign seamen or international criminals, who, engaged on other pursuits, are not above augmenting their incomes by indulging in this comparatively easy and safe trafficking.

They know the chances of detection are quite remote, as it is impossible for Customs officers to make personal searches among the thousands of seamen and passengers entering our various ports.

The Bournemouth police recently arrested a man on suspicion of being about to commit a felony, and one of these foreign-made automatics was found in his possession.

When a search was made in the apartments he was occupying five similar weapons came to light.

It was later found that all had been obtained by him in London from underworld associates interested in the new gun-running manœuvres to which we are able to draw such timely attention.

If anyone doubts that the smuggling of weapons from abroad is growing, we can assure them that special investigations have lately been made in the East End of London under the instructions of Scotland Yard, and that the provincial police are also alive to the menace.

The authorities have discovered that, latterly, firearms have also been finding their way to this country from a factory in Buenos Ayres, where certain far-sighted people have deemed it worth while testing the growing demand in England.

Several raids carried out in Buenos Ayres recently have resulted in large quantities of arms intended for export being confiscated.

Secret arsenals in Milan and Marseilles also help to feed smuggling seamen members of various gangs with as many automatics as they can handle.

Scotland Yard has been in touch with the Irish police, too, in connection with the discovery that a big secret arsenal exists in Dublin.

Then there is a third source of supply which has sprung up only since the bandit scare led many motorists to carry arms with them in their cars for protection against possible hold-ups on lonely roads.

Car thieves, like housebreakers, now make a point of collecting any firearms they may find in stolen cars and pass them on to the gunrunners for a consideration.

Ruthless methods

With most of them this is only looked upon as a paying little sideline, but at least one big gang of exceptionally clever car thieves is now playing a very active part in the distribution of firearms collected in the course of their operations.

They have accomplices in various provincial towns, but their headquarters, we can reveal, are in the Kennington district of London.

This gang ranges the whole country in its search for cars, and any weapons found in them are promptly disposed of through a little coterie of receivers in Hoxton.

Finally, there is a growing traffic in shotguns, the barrels of which are sawn off in imitation of the American gangster.

That the criminals concerned will stick at nothing to obtain even these guns is borne out by the recent smash-and-grab raid upon a West End gunsmiths, in the course of which the raiders ruthlessly ran down a police officer who called upon them to stop.

What is being done to check this dangerous traffic? It may be in its infancy at present, but evils of this kind have a habit of spreading with extraordinary rapidity.

Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, has had his attention drawn repeatedly to the bandit problem, with its accompaniment of ruthless terrorism.

Only a fortnight ago, in fact, he was asked a question in the House of Commons which hinged particularly upon the problem of the armed criminals.

Yet the answer he gave suggested indifference rather than an appreciation of the gravity of the situation.

He said he had reached the conclusion that no fundamental changes in the law relating to firearms were required, provided it was rigorously applied.

But what is the use of rigorously applying regulations which were framed in 1920 to govern the legitimate sale of firearms to ordinary law-abiding citizens?

As we have shown, most of the weapons now circulating so freely among criminals are illicitly obtained. The Fire Arms Act can do nothing to stop *them*.

The authorities, naturally, have records only of those automatics or revolvers that are bought legitimately by law-abiding citizens through a gunsmith, who must keep careful particulars in compliance with the Firearms Act.

But this article shows that it is the easiest thing in the world for criminals to get weapons unlawfully in this country to-day.

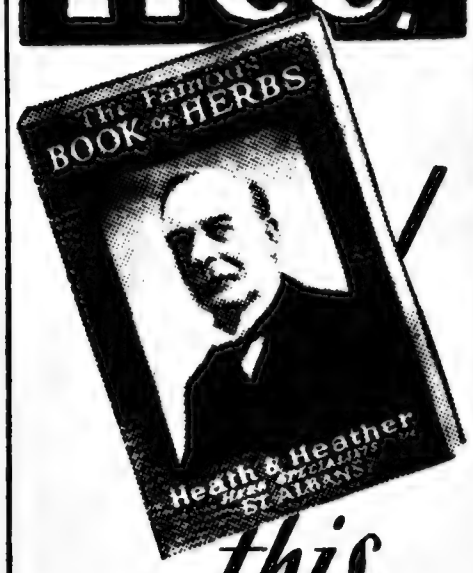
That is the fact which our authorities must now face.

Who can deny the gravity of the situation in the light of these disclosures? We must ask the Home Secretary to reconsider the whole problem.

If action is deferred, this growing traffic in unregistered firearms is sure to make new Chicagos of our great cities.

But, if action is taken now, the peril can be nipped in the bud.

Free!



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MY NIGHT in—

—the Mormon HOLY of HOLIES

THE claim made by the Mormons—who prefer to be called the Latter Day Saints—that no stranger was ever allowed within the holy precincts of their Temple was perhaps, the main factor that decided me to get inside.

The Temple must not be confused with the Tabernacle in Temple Block, Salt Lake City. Any tourist can get into the Tabernacle; Mormons provide guides who are always willing to demonstrate its wonderful acoustics.

But the Temple is different. Within its thick, grey walls are the very inmost "secrets" of Mormonism.

But I got inside and stayed there for a night!

To explain every detail of that entrance is not necessary for the moment; but it entailed no disloyalty of any Mormon.

There are large trees growing beside the high wall that surrounds the Temple Block. An active person might climb up one of these and crawl along a stout branch and drop into the grounds. To open a door it is not necessary, in these days, always to employ a key.

I had been told that it was utterly impossible to gain an entrance. I had been told by Mormons that if anyone *did*, by some trick, get inside and was discovered, there would be "trouble."

WITH thoughts of the Mountain Meadow massacre in my mind, I stood on the threshold for a moment. I remembered that there was quite a list of those who had, in the old days, sacrificed even life itself when Mormonism was enraged. Then I stepped inside and stood in the darkness

There was not a sound throughout the building. I was standing near the bottom of one of the four wide, spiral staircases that rise from the four corners of the ground floor to rooms above.

It was very dark, except for a stream of greyness that came through the fanlights and cast a weird, semi-religious dimness such as may be seen in old cathedrals And then something flapped ominously.

I swung round, but it was merely a draught that had caused a heavy curtain to move softly against the floor.

I had a fairly good plan of the building in my head, and I made my way to the big baptismal font where the Mormons are baptised, not only on their own behalf, but on behalf of the dead.

It is a magnificent piece of work, this font. Built on the plan of that of Solomon's Temple, the huge basin rests on the hindquarters of twelve oxen of bronze, with silver horns.

I was still looking at the structure when somewhere a door banged. Out went my light at once I ducked beside the font.

There was somebody in the building. I began to wonder if my entrance had been seen and if a search was being made. I waited until I felt safe, then I crept out of the Baptismal Room, resolving to come back again when the sun was up and take a picture of the apartment.

SINCE it was summer, I knew that I would have several hours after dawn when the light would be all that I would require. But where was that somebody in the building?

I reached the corridor by the staircase, and saw, to my surprise, that the door by which I had entered was ajar! And just then somebody on the landing above coughed. I leaned back into the Baptismal Room, my feet being shod with light rubber shoes making no noise.

Two men were talking together. I heard their muffled voices as they passed through the door and closed it. I heard the key turn in the lock. And then—silence!

Who the visitors were I never knew, but I had a shrewd guess that one of them was a Mormon apostle to whom I had been talking a day or two previously, and to whom I had suggested the possibility of getting into the Temple—much to his indignation and righteous horror.

Now that the place seemed to be empty, however, I made up my mind to carry out the exploration I intended. I had entered by the way that few Mormons enter. They mostly come to the Temple by the annex, a detached building surrounded by high iron railings and connected to the Temple by a subterranean passage nearly a hundred feet long.

Heavy doors separate this passage from the Temple proper, and I now decided to see the annex.

When I did get in I found it was a very large apartment, plainly furnished, with a carpet on the floor. At one end was a reading-desk on which was a copy of the Book of Mormon, a register and a copy of a volume entitled "Doctrine and Covenants."

Back I went to the Baptismal Room, went through it, and found I was in a large room obviously used as a dressing-room, with smaller apartments for similar purposes.

On the shelves of one of these smaller apartments I saw a number of bottles and vessels, which told me that I was in one of the anointing rooms, where the Mormons are "anointed with oil."

But, apart from the Baptismal Room, the most important on this lower floor was certainly the Garden of Eden Room. Here was something to look at. I strolled into it through an arched doorway, hung with portière curtains.

I HAD a hurried look round, and then remained there for the night, sitting on an easy-chair that was placed not far from the door.

It is not every man who can say he has spent a night in the Garden of Eden!

I did not feel like sleeping, but, on the other hand, I knew that I dared not use my flashlamp much, lest I should attract attention.

I dozed now and then, and I remember awaking to the fact that daylight had arrived. I stood up and examined the Garden of Eden.

Ceilings and walls were embellished with paintings, the former with clouds and sky, showing the sun, moon and stars. The walls showed grottoes, glades, lakes, dells, waterfalls, trees, vines, shrubs of all descriptions.

Everything was intended to convey the idea of peace and happiness; Adam and Eve stood out in bold relief. Lions lay down with lambs, birds and insects were depicted in amity.

When I had finished exploring the Garden of Eden I mounted the wide staircase to the next floor. Here I entered the World Room.

But before I went in I saw a window of stained glass of which Mormons are very proud. It is in a corridor, elliptical in shape, and represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden. Behind the two stands an angel with a drawn sword.

There is a particular reason for this window in this position, as it reminds the Mormons, when they move from Eden to the World Room, of what our first parents suffered for disobedience.

As for the World Room itself, it is large and has the usual altar and holy book, but pictures painted on the walls are filled with scenes of discord.

Rocks are rent asunder, beasts are fighting, a tiger stands over a slain deer, birds of prey are feasting on carcases, the trees are gnarled and twisted. There are weeds instead of flowers, plenty of thorns, thistles and cacti; and the whole scene is one of storm and stress.

The next step in my forbidden progress was to the Terrestrial Room. Its colour is restful, from its lavender carpet to its walls of pale blue and its ceiling of a similar colour. A considerable amount of gold has been used in the decoration.

But the pictures, the decorations, and the trimmings faded in interest when I saw one of the most interesting things in this mysterious building—namely, the Veil of the Temple.

It stretched across one end of the room where the floor is raised by three steps and an arch has been thrown across the width of the apartment. This Veil divides the Terrestrial Room from the Celestial Room. I lifted the Veil and stood in the latter. I had reached the Mormon representations of Paradise.

THE Celestial Room is the most elaborate of all the apartments inside the Temple. Large Corinthian pillars in pairs line the walls, with arches and recesses, and huge mirrors for decoration. Portraits and busts of the leaders of the Church and paintings illustrating Mormon history are hung on every side.

No effort has been spared to make the Celestial Room a magnificent apartment. Heavy electroliers, shaded by richly finished glass, hang from the ceiling, with wall brackets of similar design and flower-clusters of coloured globes. The curtains of the windows are of fine silk and match the Veil. The carpet is heavy and rich.

The doors are highly polished, there are easy-chairs and jardinières of fine

John Bull READERS' OWN STORIES

17

"I heard a door open, and next moment a man entered the room. He was a small man, with a white beard. He stood still the moment he entered, and I drew back behind my pillar"

ware here and there, and a large circular divan with a pillar in the centre occupied the middle of the floor.

The Veil itself is in four portions and hangs from the arch, which is supported by five columns. When Mormons reach, in their instruction lessons, the Celestial Room, they face the Veil, and are confronted by a hand thrust from the other side, and hear a voice speaking and welcoming them in their progress.

This voice is supposed to be that of God, the hand the hand of God. In reality, it is the voice and it is the hand of one of the Mormon officials, generally an Apostle.

I examined the Veil with great interest, but it had nothing very mysterious or mystical about it. But this is the very heart of the Temple, and near the Celestial Room are others of great importance—namely, the Sealing Room for the Dead and the Sealing Room for the Living.

"SEALING" in Mormonism means that a Mormon may "seal"—that is, claim for himself—a wife for time and (or) eternity; he may even claim a dead woman for his future life beyond this world; and he may "seal" his own parents to each other if they have an inclination that way.

On the other hand, he may "seal" his living wife to himself for this life only, and she has no further claim on him thereafter.

It was with a great expectation that I made my way to the Holy of Holies, between the two Sealing Rooms.

It is circular in shape, about 18 ft. in diameter, with panelled walls and a few carved pillars. The panels are framed in red velvet framed with gold. There is no window in the room, and the only dimness that does duty for daylight enters through a domed window on the roof.

I dared to switch on the electric light and was amazed at the dazzling effect of the clusters of globes, not only in the roof, but from all sides. I saw then the stained-glass window which is regarded as the great "bit" by those Mormons who have seen it, for the majority of Mormons have never been in this holy spot.

The window represents God and Jesus Christ meeting Joe Smith, the founder of Mormonism, in a wood and telling him to start the new sect.

The Holy of Holies is reserved for the highest and most secret of Mormon ordinances.

I made a swift survey of other rooms, but returned to the Holy of Holies, and again switched on the light. A second later I switched it out again.

Once more I heard a sound, this time from above.

I moved out of the Holy Room and dived towards the Celestial Room, going through the sliding and swing doors silently. I paused in the Celestial Room, and stood behind a pillar.

I heard a door open, and next moment a man entered the room from the door beside the Veil.

He was a small man, with a white beard. He stood still the moment he entered, and I drew back behind my pillar. If he was suspicious he would make an examination of the whole place. That he was suspicious soon became apparent. He walked slowly, tensely, almost expectantly, towards the Veil.

I saw his back as he mounted the three steps. His arms were hanging by his sides rigidly. He had but to turn and he would see me. But he did not turn his head; he pulled the Veil aside and let it fall behind him. He had gone into the Terrestrial Room.

I was through the swing doors in an instant and ran down the stairs. In going down I dropped my camera. It rattled on the granite steps.

I retrieved it and continued my descent until I was in the corridor that runs for 40 ft. north and south; swung down the lowest part of the Grand Staircase and dashed through a sliding door. I was in the Baptismal Room again.

I stood by the door to consider the situation. Then I looked at my watch. It was nearly half-past six.

I opened the sliding door and peered out. I had not been followed, the Mormon was evidently still exploring the rooms above. But I dared not seek an exit by the same door as I had entered.

On the other hand, the Baptismal Room walls are really a succession of doors, each one being arched with a large, semicircular transom. I tried door after door. I counted them as I tried. There are six pairs of doors on the north and six pairs on the south sides, two pairs on the east and west sides.

The only natural light was that which came through the transoms. I went round that great baptistry twice before I found a door that opened to my efforts.

Five minutes later I was on the other side of the gates which close the annex from other parts of Temple Block. But I was still within the block, and the high stone wall had to be negotiated.

I crossed the grounds, now bathed in brilliant sunshine, and stood under a great tree so that I might take a last look back. Maybe it was just as well I took that glance, for I saw, coming round the corner of the tall railings that surround the annex, the figure of the bearded Mormon. I didn't wait.

The heavy foliage was a natural screen for my movements. I landed on the other side of the wall and stooped to adjust a shoelace when I heard feet ahead on the flags.

I looked up. A police officer was standing at the mailbox at the corner of State Street. We were practically alone, save for early business people farther down the street. He waited until I approached.

"Say, where'd you come from?" he asked jocularly, his eyes on my shoes. "I didn't see you when I was crossing a minute or two ago?"

"I came from London, England," I said; and grinned.

"Some hike," said the cop, and continued to chew gum.

NEXT WEEK: A reader tells of his predicament when, as a tenderfoot in Kenya, he unwittingly authorised a pagan rite.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Aintree Tests

THE entries for the Grand National will give a fillip to the winter campaign, and from now onwards every horse which wins a four miles' 'chase will be hailed as a "likely" for the Blue Riband at Aintree!

The so-called Aintree tests are, as a rule, of little value; for Liverpool, with its formidable obstacles, is a law unto itself. But they will make for brighter racing and help to regulate the bookmakers' prices.

Next to Liverpool, Gatwick and Newbury are about the most severe courses, and it is wise to note the stamina experts over these tracks.

Kellsboro' Jack is one of my each-way fancies for the coming big race. I also like the "Sefton" winner, Destiny Bay, who will be ridden by her sporting owner, Mr. Lloyd Thomas.

I have not forgotten, too, that my selection twelve months ago, Heartbreak Hill, was very unlucky. She showed at Leopardstown on Boxing Day, when carrying 12 st. 12 lb. to victory, that she retains her brilliance. "Heartbreak" will carry a little of my money.

The Gatwick executive stages a four-mile event—the Stayers' Handicap 'Chase—this week-end. If Cathalan is started, he may win despite his heavy burden.

Star Shell, Gay Devil and Basra look "good" for Saturday.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 4, to Wednesday, January 10.

B V D P M X Z R F 98 97 Y H S C O

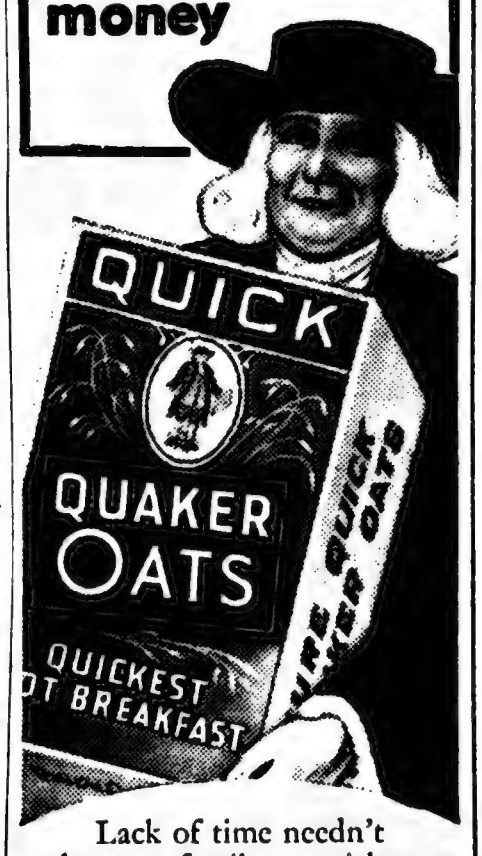
93 94 95 U I E 96 L T W N G J K A Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

ULCLYX97F would read PRARGENT.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. YCLQ972X would read GARONNE.

The quickest way to save time and money



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Quaker Oats, milled from the world's finest oats, grown and ripened under sunny skies, is rich in everything essential to health and vitality.

Imitations of Quaker Oats sometimes look the same, but they never taste the same. For flavour, nourishment and economy Quaker Oats is in a superior class of its own; those who have used Quaker Oats know this—a trial packet will convince you.

Quaker Oats is sold only in sealed packets, which not only preserve the special flavour, but protect from dust, taint and other impurities.

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Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker*

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The price of " Golden Shred " has been reduced as from January 1, 1933.

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J.B. 23.....

She's Wrong TO BE TOO KIND

HARRY LAUDER has a song "I'm the saftest of the family." One of my correspondents can keep tune with him, for, after telling me her story, she finishes by saying "I've been too soft."

It *is* possible to be "too soft," you know. Generosity can be over-done. Kindness can be abused.

Let me deal with a concrete case. A letter comes this week from a woman who describes herself as being happily married, with a family of three boys, their ages ranging from twelve to five.

For the last six years she has housed and fed her father-in-law, who is unemployed, and his unmarried daughter. The letter goes on:

"I have willingly done all the extra work which two people make, and am now feeling the strain very greatly, especially as I have suffered from consumption for some years. My husband has two brothers with good jobs, and yet they refuse to help to maintain their father and sister.

"These brothers are both married and their wives tell me that because my heart overran my common-sense in the beginning, I have no right to expect others to be the same.

"Another difficulty is sleeping accommodation for my own family. My eldest boy is far too old to continue sleeping with his auntie, whilst it is much against my wishes that my boy aged ten should sleep with his grandfather.

"What am I to do? I can't suggest that the old gentleman and his daughter should take other rooms, as they have neither furniture nor means to allow it. Can I, in any way, force the other brothers to do something?"

* * *

My correspondent's initial gesture of hospitality was a praiseworthy one. But in allowing her husband's brothers to continue to avoid their responsibilities that generosity is being badly abused.

People who are kindhearted are sometimes apt to forget that the head should play its part as well as the heart. It is necessary to gird up one's loins and be strong—with other people.

The mother of this family has two sets of duties to consider. One is her father-in-law and his daughter; the other is her own boys, her husband, and the general welfare of her home.

The first-named duty is not solely hers. It is one which should be shared by her sisters-in-law.

What I advise her to do is to take her moral courage in both hands, to tell those brothers that she cannot go on as she has been doing, and that unless they will agree to take their share of the responsibility, the father and sister will have to seek the aid of the relieving officer.

This might wake them up to a sense of duty, as they could hardly wish for publication of this kind.

Here is another problem in which a mistaken sense of the value of *self*-sacrifice has led to unhappiness.

A girl of twenty-three who is employed as a barmaid writes to me:

"Some time ago while I was working in a hotel I met a young Irish doctor and we fell in love, though I realised that we could never be anything to each other as the difference in our station in life was too great. I left the town and went home to try and forget him, but it was harder than I thought.

"I have had lots of chances to go out with other decent young men, but I refuse them all, as I feel that I could never love anyone else. I sometimes think I am a fool, as, although I am ambitious, I prize a home of my own and children above anything else."

Many people have given up love and home for the sake of a great ideal.

Sometimes the results of their work have justified the sacrifice. But in this problem we are considering there is no great alternative to make the sacrifice worth while.

The girl admits that what she wants most in the world is "a home of her own and children," but she surrendered the only chance she had of happily achieving them because of the difference of her "station" in life from that of the man she loved.

My answer to this is that it may have been a heroic gesture, but it was a mistaken one. There is no disgrace in honest work, no matter what it is.

If this doctor was really in love with her, I do not think her social status would have made the slightest difference to him.

In sacrificing her own happiness, she may also have sacrificed his. And what good has that done to either of them? I advise her, if it is at all possible, to renew the acquaintance. And I hope it will lead to a happy marriage.

My next correspondent writes that, during the war, when her fiancé was at the Front, he extracted a promise from her never to dance. Many times afterwards she begged him to release her from that promise, but he refused to do so. After the war they married, and now have a devoted family. She goes on to say:

* * *

"Recently my husband's firm started dances, and I went to the first one to please him, although I must have looked awkward, heavy and matronly beside the beautifully dressed young girls with whom he danced most of the time.

"I kept a smiling face for everybody, and he thinks I am looking forward to the next dance. I have proposed that he should go alone, as I have no suitable attire to mix with such company. He refused, as we always go everywhere together.

"I love him so dearly, I cannot bear to see him with his arms round these young girls, who love to dance with him. Yet I do not want to be selfish. I cannot afford to dress as I would like to for the occasion. Yet I feel inclined to do so and to have lessons in dancing rather than spoil his pleasure."

My sympathy goes out to the writer of this letter. No wonder she is distressed and bewildered by her husband's inconsistent attitude. But for the sake of that "devoted family" she must play her part now. It would be a great mistake to refuse to go with him to these dances. She must not become a "stay-at-home" wife.

The best thing would be for her to talk things over with her husband, to tell him that she wants to "keep up" with him, and can only do this by having suitable clothing, and taking a few dancing lessons. The latter need not be expensive in these days of gramophone and wireless.

I hope that when the next dance arrives she will be able to show her husband that she can take her place with the best of them.

A woman is never justified in making sacrifices if those sacrifices involve her children

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
Probed by
PHILIP INMAN,

who is JOHN BULL's "Humanist" and always ready to help you. Write to him and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

Grateful Thanks

WE have said good-bye to Christmas and welcomed the babe 1933, and we must no longer delay our tribute of thanks to our subscribers who so generously responded to our Christmas appeal.

They just shut up the bogy called "Hard Times" and came forward in a wonderful way to help to brighten the Christmas of those who had no prospect of good cheer, with the result that in place of the depressing letters which loaded our office table before Christmas we have grateful letters of thanks.

We must also pass on thanks received for parcels to those of our readers who were good enough to send them to us.

Very special thanks are due to Messrs. Dean and Son, Ltd., of 29, King Street, Covent Garden, who sent us a consignment of their delightfully realistic animals, their beautiful unbreakable dolls, and books for kiddies of both sexes and all ages.

Parents can leave their children playing for hours with the toys manufactured by them, with no fear of hurt or harm to the kiddies, however young, or to the toys, which are indestructible and made "for keeps."

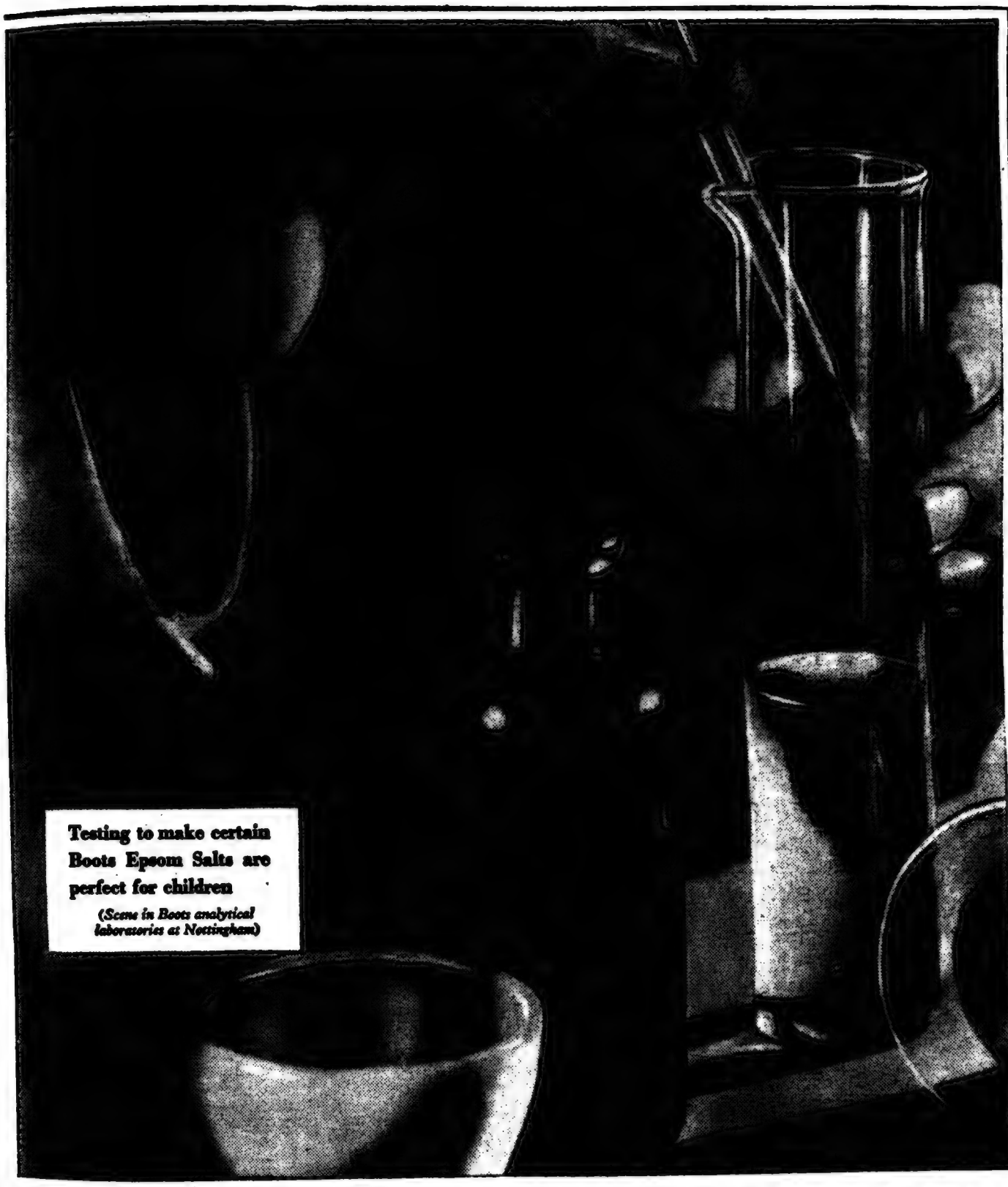
And thanks to the kindness of Messrs. Tom Smith and Co.; Ltd., many children of the unemployed had the greatest fun on Christmas Day pulling crackers, finding gorgeous surprises inside them, as well as gazing at their external beauty, for Tom Smith's crackers are real works of art, and they brought beauty and gaiety into many dingy homes this Christmas.

We have another friend to thank who remembered that little girls have a warm place in their hearts for a lovely dressed dolly.

We could fill columns of thanks, but our space is already filled, and all we can say is a deeply grateful "Thank you" to our kind-hearted subscribers and to wish them a very happy and prosperous New Year.

All donations to enable us to carry on the fund's work should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Protect your children BOTH *ways—* QUALIFIED *doctors . . . why not* TESTED *medicines also?*



Testing to make certain Boots Epsom Salts are perfect for children

(Scene in Boots analytical laboratories at Nottingham)

RIDDLE OF PERSONALITY EXPLAINED

WHY WE HAVE MORE CONFIDENCE IN SOME PEOPLE

How is it that some people you meet fill you with confidence *at once?* Take an everyday case. The next time you go into a Boots shop, look at the man who serves you. . . .

Boots chemists are a very good example. They must have something that gives people extra confidence—something about Boots chemists that explains why millions and millions of people every year *prefer to go to Boots.* Surely, *tested* medicines can't be the only reason.

What is there about the Boots chemist near your home that gives so many people extra confidence?

CLEANLINESS . . .? But *that* alone can't be it! You *expect* cleanliness in a vast national firm like Boots.

THE REAL REASON

Look at him carefully while he is serving you! Ask yourself why *you* begin to feel confidence in him—it's not just because he is a fully-qualified chemist, *one of the* 1,547 *fully-qualified chemists serving in Boots shops.*

Nor is it because most of his *practical* training has been with Boots, the world's largest firm of Dispensing Chemists.

The real reason is that the chemists at Boots are picked men—the best of thousands.

From a staff of over 17,000 trained people at Boots, these 1,547 are specially picked men. Besides being fully-qualified chemists, they are the kind of men in whom any person of judgment would have confidence.

The chemist at your nearest Boots shop is a picked man. And you feel it as he serves you. You feel he is reliable. You can trust him to dispense your prescription perfectly.

HOW TO SAVE YOURSELF MONEY

Go to Boots for all your medicinal requirements. And you will save yourself shillings and shillings. Because of enormous demand—millions of customers last year!—Boots are able to lower prices. That is *why your medicines and your dispensing will both cost you much less at Boots!*

Your NEAREST BOOTS SHOP

supplies medicines tested with utmost care by analysts at Nottingham

Largest steel-and-glass laboratories in Europe for testing medicines

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham

EXTRACT OF MALT WITH COD LIVER OIL AND CHEMICAL FOOD

(This combination is an excellent tonic containing Iron Phosphates)

1-lb. jar 1/-; 2-lb. jar 1/10

The Boots Chemists

DISPENSING CHEMISTS

"SAVE UP" for the things you want

Sixpences soon mount up in the new Post Office

STAMP SAVINGS BOOK

Glance at this list and see how useful 'saving up' can be to you. 'Save up' for:

A wireless set . .
A bicycle . . . .
Holidays . . . . .
School fees . . .
Birthday gifts . .
New furniture . .
New clothes, etc.

The first step is to get one of the new Stamp Savings Books free at any Post Office in Great Britain — or a book will be posted to you if you use the coupon below.

To The Controller,
Post Office Savings Bank, LONDON, W.14

Please forward me a Stamp Savings Book and particulars of the new way of saving by sixpences.

Name .....

Address .....

Postage need not be paid. J.B.

STOMACH PAINS MADE HIM MISERABLE

Had to give up his allotments because of Digestive Trouble

Mr. J. Dyson

of Godwin St., Birmingham, says:

from a recent photo of Mr. J. Dyson.

"I've been a sufferer with my stomach for this last 5 years and have been under operation and attending Hospital. They gave me no relief, I still had the pains. I had to give up my allotments and was most miserable. It was like being in hell. I saw your advertisement and sent for a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It seemed to drown the pain. It is a marvellous cure for stomach troubles. I am a dead man come back to life and I want my allotments back as the hardest work does not hurt me now, I am cured thanks to 'Bisurated' Magnesia." You can obtain 'Bisurated' Magnesia in powder or tablet form for 1/3 from any chemist.

SIR THOMAS PURVES' *Greatest Hour*

Sir Thomas Purves was, until his recent retirement, Engineer-in-Chief of the General Post Office. See him here (left) with Mr. Lees-Smith, the Labour P.M.G., opening the new telephone extension to the Isle of Man.

IN at the *Birth* of RADIO

AN hour that I would like to live over again? That's rather a tall order, especially for a Scotsman!

Probably our national characteristic would be to want to live all our hours over again!

But, you see, most of my working life has been spent in the service of the General Post Office. In other words, I have been a servant of the public, and for that very reason had to keep my nose to the grindstone of duty—prosaic duty, no doubt you will think.

In one way you are right. The General Post Office — like every other branch of the Civil Service—does not encourage "adventures" among its staff. It wants its work done wisely and well; and, in consequence, those of you who have seen a lot of life would consider ours a dull one indeed.

Yet we have our thrills. When I look back over the many years during which I was with the General Post Office, there are many hours which I would willingly live through again.

Firstly, an hour that I would not mind at all re-living is that which elapsed when I sat for the examination that made me a Civil Servant, and another in which I learned that I was one of the very few selected as a result of that examination to take my place beside my colleagues at the Post Office.

Making me sit up!

And as memory sets to work, there comes another hour—an hour which can be properly appreciated only by a telegraphist who has worked the old hand-operated Morse system.

You must understand that when a new telegraphist takes over, it is only human nature that the fellow at the other end of the wire should try to make him sit up!

By that I mean that he will send at such a rate that your tyro is almost in tears trying to read what is being sent in a never-ending succession of dots and dashes—and if you lose your nerve those dots and dashes become as meaningless as hieroglyphics in the desert sand!

Your new operator is dependent altogether on the often very inconspicuous forbearance of the experienced hand at the other end of the wire—or he was in my day as a telegraphist.

So that you will, I trust, bear with me when I tell you that an hour that is red-ink marked in my memory's diary of notable events was that on which I first realised that I was able to make the other fellow—who had often been able to make me sit up—break into a perspiration of something approaching to panic because of the rate at which I used to send over my messages!

But the *real* hour of my life—the greatest of all, and one that will seldom come to any living man again, I venture to suppose—was that during which I was introduced by my Chief to a modest and retiring youth—an Italian named Marconi.

He had come to England with a method of signalling without wires, and I can well recollect that his ideas were scoffed at in quarters which should have known better.

Marconi was then about twenty-one, I suppose, and I was two years older. I can see him now—slim, very dark, very intense, and very full of that personality which is the hall-mark of genius in any walk of life.

Dynamic Marconi

He said little; he did not seek to impress me at all, but I *was*, possibly for that very reason, all the more impressed by the force he seemed to exude—a force that was akin to the dynamo of an electrically-driven engine.

I went up with him to the roof of the General Post Office, and there I helped him to rig up his elementary gadgets to give the demonstration which was to confound even the most sceptical.

I had been working under my Chief on methods of signalling across lakes and estuaries by electro-magnetic induction between parallel wires erected on either side.

Marconi's initial effort was, of course, extremely simple and undeveloped, but I do remember that it came upon me like a flash that his method of direct radiation of Hertzian waves from a "point" source had at one stroke made all previous efforts and ideas obsolete.

Enough was then known about so-called "ether waves" to open up wide prospects of increased range and development; it was something entirely new in the world, and most exciting!

When I recall that first attempt from the roof of the Post Office and contrast it with the marvels of wireless telegraphy to-day, I tell myself that I was a fortunate man indeed to have been there at the birth of such a marvel.

Now we can girdle the earth in a matter of seconds; news of the most vital importance to mankind can be flashed from Pole to Pole; space has been obliterated by the wizard touch of wireless—and it has come to pass all as the result of that child-like attempt from the Post Office roof!

The robot exchange

I have often since asked myself if even the inventor—or shall I say discoverer—of wireless as we know it to-day really ever believed that his research would bring such wonders in its train?

Now here's another "hour" which I consider a landmark in my life—that hour when, during a visit to the United States, I first realised that an automatic telephone exchange would work and give good service, and that this new invention was bound to advance and take the place of the manual-operated exchanges in whose highly-developed refinements we had all taken so much pride and satisfaction!

Still stranger was that hour when I first grasped the principles and action of the three-electrode thermionic valve, which became known a short time before the war.

Like many other telephone engineers, I had thought and thought, and worried and worried, endlessly about the possibility of constructing a telephone speech relay—some device which would respond to the attenuated complex waves of electrically transmitted speech, and launch them with renewed energy upon a further journey, in a manner analogous to that of the long-established telegraph repeaters.

Here again the solution came, full-fledged and satisfying, completely washing all previous schemes off the slate.

It substituted for the movement of comparatively gross material parts the operation of one of the simplest and most fundamental elements of Nature—the flying electron—and banished mechanical inertia entirely from the problem.

But few can have realised in those early days its far-reaching possibilities and the wonderful results of the new technique with which it was to endow the world. Certainly I did not, and it is only now that I understand how great was that "hour."

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"£35 Fiat 9, 1928, licensed and insured, visor and TRIPLETS fitted."

THE CIRCLE OF SILENCE:—"His smartness was slightly marred by his carelesaly arranged tie and by his unshaven SHIN."

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"She was sitting on the settee and he hit her on the head with a FIRE."

WESTERN DAILY PRESS AND BRISTOL MIRROR:—"—— was taken to the Royal Infirmary, suffering from severe SCOLDS."

SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT:—"Mr. —— realised £29 5s. for a NEWLY-VALVED red and white cow."

CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS:—"We will allow a good price on your old set and SQUEAKER."

TIMES AND SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE ADVERTISER:—"The jury had added a strong recommendation to mercy on account of the DECEASED'S youth."

BURNLEY RECORD:—"Edward was lounging in a big chair, fastening a bracelet on the pretty WAIST of Miss ——."

CHESHIRE OBSERVER:—"Will exceed in popularity the Refectory's famous sixpenny teas and CHILLING luncheons."

THE BULLETIN:—"'You can take it for granted that we are NOW building the world's largest graving dock at our new extension for nothing.'"

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"Owing to the CHILLY nature of the land over which the locomotive will have to go the overall ratio of the gears is kept low."

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

(Answers at foot of this article)

(1) What is the best relief for chilblains—instantly stopping the pain and irritation?

(2) What will stop a cold in the head like magic?

(3) What is the discovery (an odourless fluid) so valuable to mankind, that a doctor has said that it should be laid on in every house, like the hot and cold water?

(4) What is the product which is recommended by hospitals to their patients for their throats, teeth and skin troubles?

(5) What will banish the odour of stale tobacco-smoke from a room?

(6) What has 149 other uses besides those mentioned above.

The above General Knowledge tests were suggested by reading a little book which has lately been printed—over 7 million copies have already been distributed—for the instruction of the public. Varied though the questions are, the correct answer in each case is the same. Milton!

It really is astounding! And the book will fascinate you—just as Milton will in the way it never fails to do what the book says. There's a free copy packed with every bottle of Milton. And Milton costs sixpence.

Warded off INFLUENZA..

"LAST Saturday I had a temperature and all the symptoms of influenza. I ached all over. On a friend's advice I decided to try your Musterole Brand Ointment. I applied the ointment before going to bed Saturday night and put on a second application Sunday. Monday morning the cold was completely broken up, and in a day or so was entirely gone."
—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

● ● ●

If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing... going... gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your favourite chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

MADE IN ENGLAND

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

Bourn-vita bringer of a glorious nights sleep

23,000 PEOPLE NOW SLEEP MORE SOUNDLY

Sleep well and wake happy!

Sleep is the great rebuilder. While you sleep, nerves are soothed, the body renews your store of energy for the morrow.

And this is how you can win the priceless boon of sleep! Drink every night a cup of Cadbury's Bourn-vita, the wonderful new product made by the world's greatest experts in food-drinks. It contains all the life-giving goodness of fresh milk and eggs from British farms with British malt and Empire cocoa.

Two teaspoonfuls of the crisp granules in a cupful of hot milk, and this latest scientifically compounded food-drink is ready. How you'll love the taste of it!

How warming, how delightfully soothing you will find it!

Try a cup of Cadbury's Bourn-vita to-night. Sleep well and wake happy!

9D ¼lb net ½lb net 1/5 WEIGHT GUARANTEED

CADBURYS

BOURN-VITA

If you suffer from INDIGESTION
try
FOX'S
GLACIER MINTS
Eat them between meals and last thing at night
They have a definite stimulant action in gastric digestion
Recommended by the Medical Profession
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Has No Ugly Hair Now

"I had become completely discouraged by a heavy growth of disgusting hair. I tried depilatory pastes, evil smelling powders and painful electric treatments—even a razor. Shaving simply made the hair grow thicker. Then I found the NEW VEET which contains Wenlo-White. This dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots, thereby ending all superfluous hair troubles for ever. Since using New Veet my skin is so clean and white that no one could possibly suspect I was ever afflicted with that horrible superfluous hair."

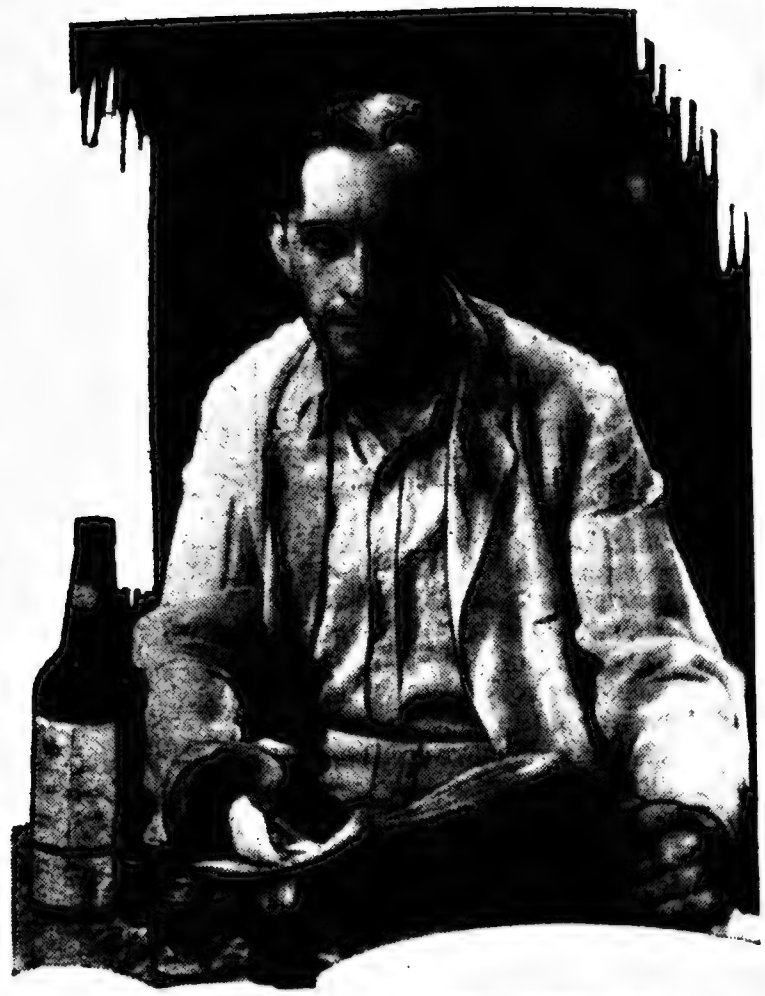
The New White Veet (containing Wenlo-White) is guaranteed 100% pure and delightfully perfumed. At all Chemists and Hairdressers, 6d. and 1/6d.

FOR YOUR THROAT

Allenbury's Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS THEM 8d & 1/3 Per Box

THE Other FOREIGN LEGION



This is the "remittance man" as the films portray him in "The Man Called Back"

"THE relatives and friends of the man in the dock have made arrangements for him to go to the Colonies and stay there, and they give their undertaking that he will never trouble this court again."

The young fellow in the dock hangs his head. The father and mother and sisters who have agreed to his banishment weep quietly in court. The magistrates utter their decision gravely, as if sentencing one of their own sons.

And so another "remittance man" is ordered to go to live in some distant part of the world on an allowance from his father.

"Remittance men" numbered scores of thousands until a few years ago. In fact, there was once hardly a spot in Australia or Canada without them. Good-bad boys, full of courage, though too lazy to do a day's hard work; chivalrous, though lacking in stability to settle for long at one particular task. Exiled—to save a family name from disgrace.

At one time they formed another Foreign Legion.

But all that happened yesterday. To-day it is history. To-day the "remittance man," for better or for worse, is disappearing from the face of the earth.

IN the first place, the Home Office informed magistrates that the practice of forgiving young criminals whose parents could afford to keep them abroad on a small allowance was one that did not commend itself to the authorities. The Colonies had objected to being treated as dumping grounds.

Then, since we went off the gold standard, there has been the fall of the £, followed by the fall in rates of interest from 5 per cent. to round about 3 per cent.

All this has helped to discourage parents with prodigal sons. And so the change came about. Established "remittance men" disappeared and no more were forthcoming to take their places.

Some "went black"—removed themselves from the white quarters of tropical countries, were seen for a season fraternising with the natives—and then disappeared altogether. Others, mysterious ever, went on darksome adventures from which there was no returning. Still more sunk to the lowest dregs of humanity in the full light of day.

There are many reasons why a "remittance man" cannot return home, and pride is one of them.

Some "remittance men" have risen to the highest ranks of Empire builders; others have fallen into the very scum among nations. The only thing they cannot do is to come back home to the families that have banished them.

Often it is a pity that to-day the majority of them are mere memories, to be spoken of with pride by people who remembered their courage and gallantry and chose to forget the worst side of their characters.

There was "Monty," of the Persian Gulf.

All the way from the date plantations of Basra to India they knew Monty and his monocle. They will speak of him as long as they will remember boxed dates.

He had a theory that sharks were not one-tenth as dangerous as people painted them, and to prove his point swam out into the sea at Jask, seized a small shark by its tail, and dragged it ashore.

When his allowance from home was not forthcoming he would trek to a point where a ship was expected about once every two or three months and earn a small sum helping to unload it. A free-lance dock labourer, if you like.

He would call at lonely cable stations vending beer. And when the fashion of making "stunt" flights to India and Australia began, he lowered bottles of beer at the end of ropes into the cool Persian wells, which were actually kept cool by the heat of the sun, and sold them eventually to the thirsty pioneers.

He talked of founding chains of cool wells, Persian pattern, all along the Empire air routes

One day, after fishing for crabs of the spiky tropical variety, he said that his income from home had disappeared. He talked of a three months' tour in Arabia, where he felt sure the desert was paved with gold.

That was two years ago, and he has not been seen since.

There was another, a "remittance man" who actually met Monty on many occasions. He once penetrated the mysteries of a smelly, dirty Persian harem, and exploded the legend that such places are places of romance.

A FIERY Persian failed to frighten him away—but the trade slump, conveyed to him in the form of a letter from his parson father telling him he couldn't afford to send him any more money, drove him into the wilderness.

Then there was Archie, of Mespot.

He had a name round Baghdad for his prowess at fisticuffs and his great love of humanity of all kinds. The foulest Arabs loved him, for the one reason that Archie loved all mankind; loved everything, in fact, except hard work.

They gave him a good job in the Iraq cotton fields, but he spoke of an Eldorado in the Syrian desert. He disappeared for a few weeks on a camel, and came back with the news that he had found oil and that his fortune had been made.

Oil it was, in oil pools—in other words, black stretches of desert sand soaked in oil. But what he didn't know, and what nobody could tell him, was that prospectors in hundreds had visited the oil pools, and if there had been any chance of extracting oil on a commercial scale it would have been done long before Archie was born.

Down, down he went. Cut after cut was made in his allowance. They found him one day drunk with a man reputed to be a leper beggar, but he only laughed at their anxiety. When they bought every known antiseptic at the English chemist's and soaked him in them, he merely laughed again.

He disappeared at last, to find pearls in the Arabian pearl fisheries. And one day news came that he had lost his life defending an Arab.

In the Libyan desert there is a man every pioneer airman who has done the India or Australian "run" will tell you about. He is an old public school boy, and, whether he has got help from his people in England or not, the fact remains that he has bravely pitched his café in the desert.

He is there to-day. There is nothing about him of the usual habits of a "remittance man," the instability or the workshyness; but he has courage and enterprise to a remarkable degree.

RECORD-MAKING aeroplanes swoop down beside his café, at the doors of which native soldiers laze in the sun; and pilots engaged on famous enterprises step into his cool room for tea

By day, strange characters lurk round his doors. By night, the cry of wild animals in the wilderness echo round his courtyard, and one day his child was seized by wild dogs and mauled.

But he keeps on making tea!

America was once full of British "remittance men." You would find them among the thugs and desperadoes who were riding for nothing on every train.

One was sentenced to death for a murder committed by another man, a negro, who was "jumping" the same train as himself. He saved himself from the gallows by the skin of his teeth, but never "squealed" to the British Consul.

You will still find the British "remittance men" in the Foreign Legion, although fewer of them than hitherto. And they are not the type that enlists merely to desert in the hope of earning big money describing their adventures.

If they desert at all, it is for something more daring and dangerous, and we never hear anything of their story.

In the Italian war in Tobruk, in Italian Libya, there was one such Englishman who was known to have fought both on the sides of the Italians and the Arabs.

In the Spanish war with the Riffs there were many such. Some made a practice of crossing from the Spanish lines to the lines of Abdul Krim, just as the fancy took them.

With all his faults, the British "remittance man" has often proved a hardy pioneer, and many have played no small part in Empire building. And now he is disappearing

The Manufacturers of PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Guarantee that....

Player's Cigarettes are manufactured from perfect Tobacco naturally matured and at 10 for 6d and 20 for 11½d they are the best value in the Cigarette world.

It's the Tobacco that Counts

N.C.C.138.D

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Reduce *YOUR* High
BLOOD PRESSURE
Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you so years younger within 20 days. Get It Now. (Prescription No. 1168/T). Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.
Privately packed and post free at these prices from
Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 22), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Turn to pages 2, 3, 4 & 5

Amazing Sale Bargains

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

THE NEVER-FAILING REMEDY

No cough or cold, however stubborn, can resist Galloway's Cough Syrup. In *every* case, this famous old London remedy means speedy and complete recovery.

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists & Stores.
Price 1/3 or 2/6 per bottle or direct from P. H. Galloway Ltd., Qualified Chemists, London, S.E.17.

Rheumatism

RHEUMATISM. LUMBAGO. SCIATICA. NEURITIS. BACKACHE. ALL ACHES & PAINS.

Quick-acting Liniment kills pain instantly.

Sleepless nights and worry due to Rheumatic aches and pains are overcome by the timely use of Sloan's Liniment

If sudden changes in the weather cause sharp twinges of Rheumatic pain in joints and muscles get Sloan's without delay. Apply lightly to the painful part. The liniment penetrates without rubbing, soothes the nerves and tissues and drives away the pain.

Don't suffer again this winter—use Sloan's. Economical in use, a single bottle goes a long way.

2/- and 4/- of Chemists and Stores.

MADE IN ENGLAND

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

Pain after Eating

ACIDITY, GASTRITIS & INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets).
Privately packed and post free at these prices from
Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 108), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

Valuable Herbal Soother

DO not put up with the awful pain and disfigurement of chapped hands, chilblains, or any skin roughness or soreness directly the cold weather comes round. There are certain rare, soothing oils in Zam-Buk which are so refined that they pass through the pores as soon as this famous herbal ointment is rubbed on the skin. By giving more flexibility and softness to the tissues, Zam-Buk makes all roughness disappear.

Zam-Buk really grows new healthy skin—and quickly banishes all pain and inflammation. Used daily, Zam-Buk will preserve the health of your skin throughout the cold weather.

Of all chemists and stores 1/3 or 3/- per box.

ZAM-BUK

here's money in your pocket!

Start making your own cigarettes—and see the saving! 2/6 a week for average smokers! Over £6 a year!

In AG Papers they are *quite easy* to roll, either thick or thin as you need at the moment. Better and cooler smokes too, if you use only the chemical-free

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CIGARETTE PAPERS

The Paper of Perfect Purity

CATARRH
QUICKLY RELIEVED

Get quick relief from Catarrh. Spend only 1/3 for Nostroline Nasal Specific at any Chemist. It acts instantly. Stops discharge, clears head, soothes inflammation. Leading doctors advise "Nostroline" for Catarrh, also for stuffy Colds. Safe for youngest child. 1/3 and 3/- from all Chemists.

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.17, Clifton, Bristol.

'NOSTROLINE'

FREE! A copy of a *Famous* Herb Book. Fill in the coupon on p. 22

SEA COOK *Beats* HOUSEWIFE

WOMEN, after all, are not having everything their own way. They may have demonstrated their ability in aviation, accountancy and athletics—at one time exclusively the accomplishments of men—but they have now received a startling challenge in their own domestic sphere from no less a source than the Royal Navy.

Sea-cook is no longer a term of aspersion. When it comes to the practical test of "feeding the brute," there is evidence that he can surpass the housewife in the art of providing a good dinner.

Men at the Royal Naval Barracks may be seen returning for an evening meal in their own mess, which they find preferable to supper ashore. Such a thought would have been ridiculous a few years ago.

The allurement of a good meal ashore after weeks afloat on hard tack was perhaps a plausible excuse some time ago for a wife in every port. The sailor could always win ready sympathy from civilians over the victuals he had to endure.

Drinking-water was so impracticable as to necessitate the daily issue of a gallon of beer per man, but that, however, was before tea or coffee became common fare; and I understand that even Queen Elizabeth drank beer for breakfast.

"When it comes to the practical test of feeding the brute, the sea cook can surpass the housewife in the art of providing a good dinner"—preparing a meal aboard the s.s. "Ranpura"

Doubtful delicacies

Old salts still boasted, even in my time, of their habit of tapping the table with a piece of ship's biscuit before eating it. This trick has been acquired in youth when something of the sort was a necessary precaution to shake out weevils and any other tenants that were apt to force their way through the wooden containers and take possession.

Earlier still, in Captain Cook's day, for instance, fricassee of fresh rats was a delicacy. It has been pointed out that as the rats lived chiefly on ship's biscuits they were entirely wholesome food, less prone to produce scurvy amongst the crew than pickled meat.

Lord Nelson wrote: "If Parliament does not grant anything to this fleet our Jacks will grumble . . . all we get is honour and salt beef. My poor fellows have not had a morsel of fresh meat or vegetables for near nineteen weeks."

Salt junk made greater demands on the feeders' imagination than on the culinary skill of the cook, with the result that picturesque names were evolved for the crudest fare. "A schooner on the rocks" was the fancy name for meat surrounded by potatoes, and a roast would be termed a "burnt offering."

The chief implement of the table was the "pusser's dirk," complete with marlin spike, the regulation seaman's knife, which served for chopping tobacco or scraping paint with equal indifference.

Meals were prepared by the men themselves, who took it in turn to be cook of the mess, delivering their handiwork to the ship's cook, who gave each dish its allotted period in the galley oven. The result was not always encouraging.

At the outbreak of war, the wardroom of one ship had to rely for the time being on old-fashioned sea cookery, and there was animated discussion one morning whether a certain dish was omelette or finnan-haddock!

What a different state of affairs prevails to-day! By the system of general messing the sailors' meals are now prepared entirely by the galley staff, each man of which has been highly trained in culinary science.

The galley where 1,000 dinners are cooked daily occupies much more space proportionately than was once allocated. Yet I fancy the average housewife or expert cook would consider it preposterously small for the work required.

Brawn an asset

For besides the general meals of the ship's company, sitting down punctually at eight bells, provision must be made occasionally for men on duty, on watch in the engine-room, signal bridge or wireless cabinet; or, again, for boats' crews and working parties who may be out of the ship.

The sea-cook thinks in terms of tons and gallons where the housewife is accustomed to pounds and pints or even spoonfuls. When they make soup, they boil it by steam injected into huge vats, and one of the chief qualifications for a cook in a battleship is physical strength to deal with the heavy weights to be man-handled. While seaman and stoker depend more and more on mechanical aids, the cook and the butcher need muscle and brawn.

In addition to the ordinary cooking, the staff includes bakers, who at times work night and day making bread not only for their own shipmates, but for smaller ships of the fleet whose confined space does not contain an oven. Like everywhere else on board, machinery's aid is invoked for kneading dough, peeling potatoes and cutting rashers of bacon.

While the ship's menu for officers and men is prepared under the eye of the paymaster, individual purchases may be made from a canteen existing in every shore establishment and ship of moderate size.

The staff who attend to the sailors' wants need to be as highly qualified as everyone else in a modern man-o'-war. Not only must they know the ordinary grocery business, but, like every other department, storage and replenishment are immeasurably more difficult afloat than ashore. Space is restricted, temperatures are often unsuitable, and replenishment of stock is frequently complicated by the uncertainty of the ship's movements.

Besides groceries, the canteen sells tobacco and many other commodities not included on the privileged list of the bookstalls which deal in stationery. Soda water is often manufactured on board, and in some ships ice-cream may be purchased in warm weather and hot drinks in winter.

Canteen customers include the wives of officers and ratings who patronise it more and more, especially abroad, where the advantage of purchasing at a standard price is greatly appreciated.

"Ship's Parliament"

Nowhere have I found life so highly compressed as on board a man-o'-war. The day contrives somehow often to measure twenty-five hours' work and a dozen men afloat occupy the space that would hardly satisfy a single man ashore.

Chief and petty officers are privileged to live in half-bulkhead messes, suggesting the loose boxes of a well-appointed stable. Able and ordinary seamen live in broadside messes feeding at wooden tables ranged in rows. The same spaces serve for sleeping, writing love-letters, playing a banjo and feeding on the handiwork of the sea-cook.

It must not be thought, however, that the modern seaman has lost the art of grumbling. He will describe the most ambitious menu as an "endurance test," or decry the fish as "never caught." "It gave itself up," he will say with a note of scorn; or this egg was "on the point of crowing."

The canteen, however, serves another useful purpose, for its profits pay for many recreations of the ship's company, such as theatricals and a kinema, besides granting benevolent aids to relieve distress arising from sickness or bereavement.

The canteen committee is the ship's Parliament, and I cannot help wishing Members at Westminster would talk as much sense in their deliberations as a naval canteen committee on board an average battleship.

by Commander
H. M. DANIEL

£2 Gift FREE!

20 lbs TEA VALUE £2 Absolutely FREE!

A STRAIGHT BUSINESS OFFER.... ...WHAT OTHERS ARE DOING YOU CAN DO!

"SELL SOMETHING THAT EVERYBODY NEEDS"

Says P. D. ARMOUR, the Great Meat Magnate, giving good advice to a young man about to start in business. We go further—WE GIVE our Club Agents—free of all charge—sufficient stock to enable them TO START SELLING SOMETHING EVERYBODY NEEDS—TEA! You can USE it—or SELL it.

20 lbs. of CEST TEA packed in 40 half-pound Packets, representing a cash value of £2, is YOURS—FREE—IF YOU SIGN THE COUPON BELOW.

If you decide to become a SARTOR TEA AGENT you receive a Commission of 3/4 in the £ on your sales. Further: every half-pound of Tea bears a dividend voucher value 3d.; and every Sartor Tea Customer receives a FREE £250 ACCIDENT ISSURANCE CERTIFICATE.

There is no need to stop at selling TEA—EVERYBODY NEEDS—Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Bedding, Furniture, Blankets, and all Household Goods.

Become a SARTOR CLUB AGENT and you can sell ALL these goods and your income will increase by leaps and bounds. NOW—ALL YOU HAVE TO DO—is to obtain 20 of your friends to pay you ONE SHILLING PER WEEK for 20 weeks—and YOUR SARTOR CLUB is formed. You then collect the 20/- each week and remit to us; in return we IMMEDIATELY despatch goods ordered—direct to your customer whose address you send us. Upon completion of your Club—YOU WILL RECEIVE A CASH COMMISSION of 30/-, PLUS 5/10 postages; OR GOODS TO THE VALUE OF 40/- selected from our 128-page Catalogue. **This is in addition to your free gift.** A combination of a SARTOR TEA AGENCY and a SARTOR CLUB AGENCY will guarantee a REGULAR INCOME for you in YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

SEND NOW FOR YOUR FREE GIFT . . . DO NOT DELAY!

Post Coupon TO-DAY so that we may send you our 128-page Catalogue, Collection Cards and full Club literature.

MAKE THIS YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY FOR 1933!

Immediately your Club is working we send you FREE OF ALL CHARGE—as an ABSOLUTE GIFT—20 lbs. of TEA—VALUE £2. BECOME A SARTOR AGENT—OBTAIN YOUR FREE GIFT OF STOCK—START YOUR OWN BUSINESS—and EARN BIG MONEY BY SELLING SOMETHING THAT EVERYBODY NEEDS.

DO IT NOW! POST COUPON TO-DAY!

ADD £1 to £2 PER WEEK TO YOUR INCOME AS A

SARTOR AGENT

POST COUPON TO: Sartor Wholesale Warehouses, Derby Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

£2 FREE GIFT COUPON

(Agent's Form of Application).

To THE SARTOR WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE, Derby Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

Please send me necessary stationery for the forming of a SARTOR CLUB—as per your offer. SEVEN DAYS after my Club is formed I AM TO RECEIVE A GIFT OF 20 lbs. of TEA—VALUE £2—ABSOLUTELY FREE OF ALL COST. IN ADDITION, on completion of my Club, I AM TO RECEIVE CASH TO THE AMOUNT OF 30/-, PLUS 5/10 for Postages, etc.; OR—GOODS from your Catalogue to the VALUE of 40/- INCLUSIVE.

NAME (in full) .....
(Mr. or Mrs.)
ADDRESS .....
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(BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE.)
"John Bull." Jan. 7/33. (½d. unsealed envelope.)

NEW YEAR OPPORTUNITIES 1933

SOUND WAYS OF ADDING TO YOUR INCOME IN 1933

EVERY PROPOSITION INVESTIGATED BY JOHN BULL

TAKE UP BRITAIN'S GREATEST AND MOST PROFITABLE SALES PLAN AND MAKE 1933 A BIG SUCCESS!

YES! It is absolutely your Golden Opportunity to take part in developing the most unique scheme ever devised—the chance you have long wanted to find, **WITHOUT RISKING ONE PENNY OF YOUR OWN MONEY. NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.**

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO: Introduce to your friends and workmates the Amprico Plan, which supersedes the ordinary Club Business. It consists of our celebrated sixpenny trade exchange coupons which have a double value:—

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—for a wonderful range of goods shown in our magnificently illustrated 142-page catalogue containing Britain's best and biggest value in Clothing, Footwear, Bedding, General Drapery, Jewellery, Fancy Goods, Toys, Sports Goods, etc., etc.

YOU WILL FIND: You will find that your Friends will clamour for our coupons, as the values we are able to offer as Wholesalers are outstanding and every member of the family is catered for. Your Customers can have as many coupons weekly as they wish.

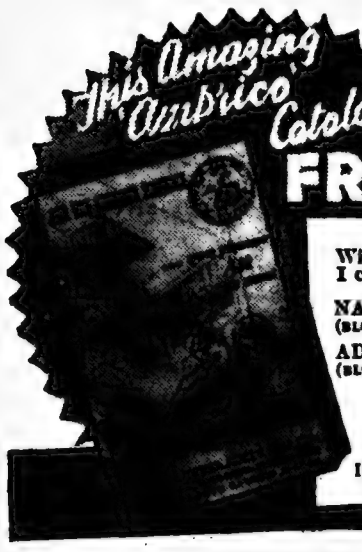
WHAT YOU GET FOR DOING IT: Your own earnings are assured in the form of liberal commission and bonuses, which you deduct from your weekly Returns to us, thereby reaping an immediate benefit for your efforts. Our terms are the most generous ever offered to salesmen. Be fair to yourself and your family and make certain of their comfort and happiness from now on by becoming an Amprico Distributor.

THIS IS YOUR NEW YEAR OPPORTUNITY

DON'T DELAY! AS ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF REPRESENTATIVES WILL BE APPOINTED IN EACH DISTRICT—THEREBY GIVING YOU A BIG FIELD!

Address your enquiry to:—The Managing Director, Ambler, Price & Cole, Ltd., Wholesale Warehousemen, Amprico House, South Harrow, Mddx.

Fill in the Coupon below NOW and by return you will receive full particulars of our money-making offer!



COUPON

Without obligation please tell me in detail how I can make money the "Amprico" way.

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Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp). J.B.
If not sufficient room for your name and address, please use plain notepaper

BE £ £ £s TO THE GOOD

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Get JOHN NOBLE'S STUPENDOUS NEW CATALOGUE

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Every household need you can think of, every personal requirement of yourself and your family, is to be found in this magnificent catalogue. Even John Noble's 60-year record of supreme quality and value is surpassed by the wonderful bargains available for members of the Ideal Club. Every penny that you spend as an Ideal Club member goes further, and if you become an organiser there are handsome commissions as well. The Ideal Club catalogue makes it so easy to form a club among your family and friends. Goods sell themselves when they are so low-priced and so perfectly reproduced. Our advertising contains no mis-statements or misleading exaggerations. 364 pages of bargains, the majority shown in full-colour and photogravure. Never has so convincing a catalogue been available to club organisers . . . never has one offered grander bargains to club members! **NEW ORGANISERS WANTED . . .** previous experience not essential. Don't hesitate. **Send for this wonder book now!**

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COUPON. Please send me full details of your Ideal Club Scheme and a copy of the sensational Bargain Catalogue.

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The Ideal Club Grows Because John Noble's Value and Service are Unbeatable! Post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp.

EXTRA INCOME FOR YOU!

1,000 CLUB AGENTS WANTED to earn large money in their spare time!

Our Club Agents earn the *Largest Cash Commission* — there are NO expenses—NO outlay—NO worries, and Club Members receive the finest value for money it is possible to obtain anywhere.

Our fully Illustrated Catalogue contains nearly 250 pages, very many in full colours, and contains a most amazing selection of Bargains in Furniture, Household Goods, Footwear, Clothing, Fancy Goods, etc.

Your clubs cannot help growing if you enrol as our Agent!

Our Service can be relied upon and we back you up in every way possible. WE WOULD REFER YOU to our 4-Page Announcement wherein you can see the actual value we offer.

POST NOW! for full particulars and Catalogue sent Post Free.

BOLSOMS
GLASGOW TERRACE, LONDON, S.W.1

Let It Rain!

I have found that when a really good face powder is blended with Mousse of Cream, as in Tokalon Mousse of Cream Face Powder, it stays on for hours at a time, in spite of wind, rain, or even when dancing in a warm ballroom.
Besides being adherent and invisible, Tokalon Mousse of Cream Face Powder is a splendid skin tonic—stimulating the tissues and never clogging the pores. Now, I always have a smooth, clear, delicate complexion that the girls envy and all men admire.

FREE This Bottle of New KAPPA Perfume

Take this Gift Coupon to any Chemist or Hairdresser To-day. Buy a 1/- box of Poudre Tokalon. With it you will be given *Absolutely FREE* a handsome flacon of the mysterious, captivating KAPPA Perfume.
Act To-day Before Your Dealer is Sold Out.

Ask JOHN BULL About it

by the MAN who REPLIES

THE human note. That is the salient feature of most of the letters I receive from readers of JOHN BULL, and the most important from my viewpoint; for my job in life is one that calls for sympathetic understanding.

I have learned much in this direction from the very people who write to me for advice in their difficulties.

"It's a mad world, my masters." Somebody passed that remark in the long ago, but I am not disposed to agree with him. Rather would I challenge the statement by asserting that it is a *human* world, the "madness" of which is considerably leavened by the good humour and patience of those who might be termed its sufferers.

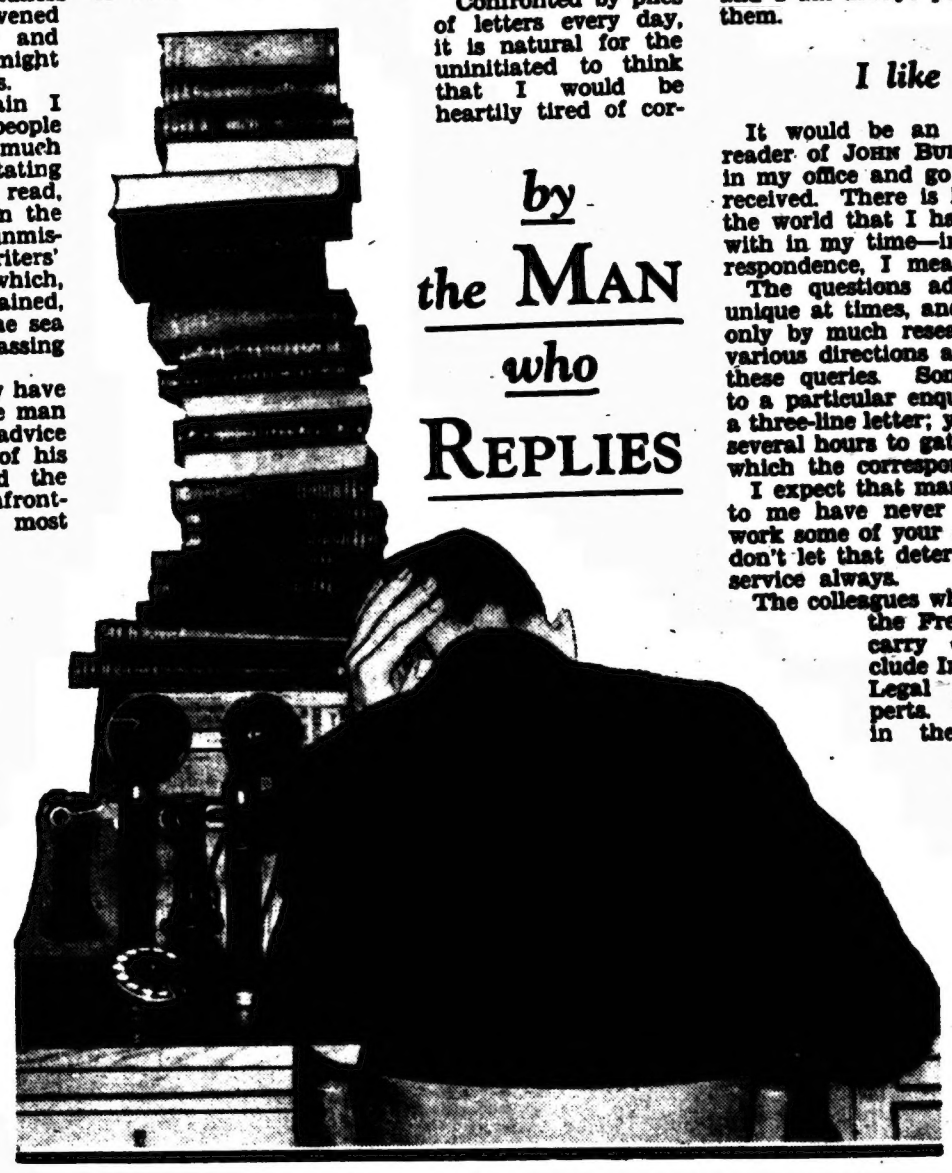
Time and time again I receive letters from people who are undergoing much tribulation and devastating worry, and then, as I read, a phrase stands out in the letters that speaks unmistakably of the writers' optimistic spirit which, though it be sadly strained, is still alive within the sea of troubles encompassing them.

And humour! They have it in abundance. One man who wrote to me for advice told a terrible story of his many difficulties and the fateful decisions confronting him. He was most certainly in a serious plight. He concluded his letter in this way:

"I seem always to be making mistakes; I've no head at all. Mimicking Gene Gerrard, my wife said to me: 'Keep your hat on in future, you never know when there's a woodpecker about!' and I guess she's correct in her suggestion. I'm a wooden head all right!"

That man's not a wooden head at all; he has been most terribly unlucky, and through no fault of his own. But he's a happy man today. I advised him of the one course he could adopt, and he took my counsel.

He wrote recently to say that all is now well with him—the troubles are cleared and he is looking forward to a happier future. Well, he'll have that, I know; for his is the cheerful, optimistic temperament that must spell Happiness in the long run, however long it may be.



This is the man who can really tell you what Gladstone said in '94—and he doesn't have to look at any of these books, either!

A *lovely mind*

Human contacts warm the heart. Take the case of my little old lady in Ireland. At least, I always imagine her as little. I know that she is old, for she has told me so.

Her letters breathe the sweetness of benignity that one finds so often in the aged. Everything to her is beautiful. Sometimes in her letters she discourses on the wild flowers that grow near her home in County Clare, and, at others, she is reminiscent of the old days in Ireland, when she was young and all the world was before her.

She has a lovely mind and that delightful touch of the unexpected one so frequently finds in Irish people.

Her letters never ask for anything. Strictly speaking, there is no real occasion for her to write to me, but I suppose she likes to feel that in London there is someone to whom she can open her heart, for she has told me that her sons and daughters are married and away in America, and her husband has been dead these many years.

Yet, she never grumbles at her lot, which is certainly humble enough, and every St. Patrick's Day I receive from her a sprig of "the rale shamrock." She never fails to remember that.

Confronted by piles of letters every day, it is natural for the uninitiated to think that I would be heartily tired of correspondence, but such is not the case. I find the queries addressed to me to be so interesting that I never let up on the work and grouse.

I feel at times that it is a great work. That's when I receive letters of thanks for help given. Then I realise that my job carries with it a big responsibility and I feel bucked that my endeavours on behalf of people hard put to it to see their way out of a certain wood have resulted so satisfactorily.

A woman wrote to me last week and said that she had been so impressed by the advice given to a friend of hers that she was impelled to become a registered reader, regarding the action of "signing on" as a duty.

That was very nice of her. I think. And I am at her disposal if she is ever in like case to her friend.

The women readers of JOHN BULL are firm believers in writing to JOHN BULL about it—whatever the trouble may be; and I am always pleased to hear from them.

I like work!

It would be an education to any reader of JOHN BULL to spend a week in my office and go over all the letters received. There is hardly a subject in the world that I have not had to deal with in my time—in the course of correspondence, I mean.

The questions addressed to me are unique at times, and it is the fact that only by much research and delving in various directions am I able to answer these queries. Sometimes the answer to a particular enquiry may mean only a three-line letter; yet it can have taken several hours to gather the information which the correspondent required.

I expect that many of you who write to me have never realised how much work some of your enquiries entail; but don't let that deter you. I am at your service always.

The colleagues who so splendidly help the Free Advice Service to carry on successfully include Income Tax, Pensions, Legal and Financial experts. They are first-raters in their particular lines and all are enthusiasts about their jobs. Really keen and wanting to help you all.

While I have the opportunity, I would like to point out to those who are so fond of sending me "catchers" that they are writing to an old hand!

I *do* know when Good Friday fell on a Tuesday, and am perfectly well aware of the answer to the "sisters and brothers have I none . . ." query. I know the name of the one-time Grand National winner which eventually became an actor at Drury Lane Theatre, and can tell you what butterflies eat, and why a dog turns round before it lies down!

And if you want to know what a callithumpian is, I'm the man to inform you!

I'm your friend

Thousands of letters pour into my office each week. The vital air of friendship is composed of confidence, and it is abundantly clear to me that all those who write to JOHN BULL recognise the paper as their friend and adviser, and have absolute confidence in it and its counsel.

This is most gratifying from my point of view, as are the expressions of friendship so often given by those who have long been "regular readers." It is good to hear from them that JOHN BULL means much in their lives.

In conclusion, the very English JOHN BULL will speak to you in the language of the very English Shakespeare:

Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.

Always write to JOHN BULL about it!

Watch January 16!

JOHN BULL's great concession in extending its Great Gift Offer for fifteen days is warmly appreciated. But the time is slipping by—only nine more days are left!

Those who have not yet taken advantage of this concession must post their applications to reach JOHN BULL not later than first post Monday, January 16.

The 5s. Gift Voucher or the Gift Voucher worth 2s. 6d. will be found on page 40. Cash the one you want without delay.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LEG TROUBLES.

PLAIN WORDS TO SUFFERERS.

By "SAGACITUS."

If you are a Bad Leg Sufferer, then do me the honour to read my remarks below. Every word is true, and gives sound advice to you. I write of a famous TREATMENT for leg troubles, which is a thoroughly genuine treatment and carried out by genuine people.

Under this Treatment unsuitable or incurable cases are not accepted.

WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS CASES REPRESENTING FEES EQUAL TO £20,000 (TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS) HAVE BEEN REFUSED ACCEPTANCE RATHER THAN SUPPLY THE TREATMENT TO CASES WHICH WERE NOT CONSIDERED SUITABLE.

Documentary proof of this fact can be seen by anyone interested. This statement being absolutely true, furnishes the best evidence possible of the sterling character of the Treatment. BOYD CABLE, the well-known AUTHOR and TRAVELLER, after an exhaustive study of the facts, says of the Tremol Treatment:

"This Treatment is an honest and proved method of cure, and those administering it are doing good humane work where it is most needed and are entitled to all recognition of their success."

Thousands who are now cured of all leg suffering are ready to endorse this opinion of the famous author.

My advice is: Do not let your own leg trouble become incurable. Read on, and write for the Book mentioned below, which tells you all about the Tremol Treatment, and how your leg can be made well now—before it is too late. The Book is priced 3s. 6d., but is sent free to sufferers.

CONSIDER THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR LEG. What of it? Don't tinker with it. Don't waste time and money and suffer needless pain. Do not let a wound which commences small as a pin-prick become as large as your hand. A small sore on your hand or arm may easily heal. Not so when it is on your leg. A leg ulcer, however small, is a sign of internal blood pressure. Under this pressure, the veins have given way, and the ulcer has formed. This pressure will continue—the weak veins will keep on breaking down and the wound become larger and larger unless you adopt correct Treatment. A word to the wise is sufficient. Write for the Book and find out for yourself how to treat your leg.

Need I describe the almost ceaseless day and night torture that comes with a leg wound or ulcer? No one can describe it. The suffering is often beyond words. You know it all. To still the pain and heal the wound everything is tried: Warm Dressings and Cold Poultices, Lotions, Ointments, Resting and Medicines, but it is all in vain. Well meant advice from a hundred sources fails to bring relief. What must the sufferer do? I will tell you. There is one way in which you surely can heal that ulcer. Write for the Book and you will know how. The Book is free to you.

THOSE PSORIASIS AND ECZEMA PATCHES—What of them? The state of the blood and defective circulation is the cause of those skin patches. Those scaly eruptions on the knees and shins; that irritable weeping raw Varicose Eczema below the knee and round the ankle; the itching, irritation, burning, and smarting, and the intolerable daily annoyance—Get rid of all this. Have done for ever with this irritation and annoyance. Get a new clean skin that functions naturally and healthily same as you used to have. To do this is both plain and easy. The Book tells you how, and costs you nothing to get it. Write to-day.

PERHAPS YOU SUFFER FROM VARICOSE WEEPING ECZEMA. The pathological process is as follows. Owing to the congestion of blood in the surface veins of the leg, the skin becomes red and inflamed. The thread-like surface veins and cells rupture under this congestion, and discharge a watery fluid. This is Weeping Eczema. Prior to this weeping, the itching, irritation, and burning have been intense, owing to pent-up fluid under the skin irritating the nerve endings. The leg goes on weeping, and with the escape of fluid the itching and irritation become relieved. The escaped fluid dries and forms scales on the skin. These scales seal up the pores of the skin. More fluid accumulates under the sealed-up skin, and the terrible itching and irritation begin once more. This is only relieved when the vessels and cells burst again through the Eczematous skin. Such is a typical case of Weeping Varicose Eczema, and perhaps it is your case. If so, you must get cured. Sign the Coupon below, and get the Book.

THOSE VARICOSE VEINS.—The dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Hæmorrhage. The stages in the development of Varicose Veins are: (1) Simple dilation, (2) Loss of elasticity, (3) Dilation in all directions, (4) Shrinkage and atrophy of the Vein Valves, (5) Thrombosis with swelling, Ulceration or Varicose Eczema. If neglected, Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest specialist in the World could not cure them. They cannot be cured by operation, for, if they are cut, the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicosed, too. They cannot be cured by injections, because unfortunately the hopes based on the injection treatment have not been realised. In the majority of cases the veins canalise and the treatment involves risk of Thrombosis, Ulceration and Eczema. Also injections do not relieve the internal venous congestion which is the cause of the Varicose Veins. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the Veins while they retain their elasticity and contractile power. Get the Book and learn how. It is free to you if you suffer from Varicose Veins.

A WORD ABOUT THOSE SWOLLEN LEGS OF YOURS, which you think look so unsightly. They are almost too painful and heavy to drag along. What do they indicate? Fluid has accumulated in the deeper tissues and thus caused the swelling. Under excessive blood pressure the internal vein walls or cells have become thin or collapsed and fluid from the blood has infiltrated through the membrane walls and accumulated in the tissues, thus causing the leg to swell. Very soon the swollen leg will be at bursting point and may easily result in a very bad leg. You should get those swollen legs cured before it is too late. But how? That is the question. You must get at the root of the cause. The Book tells you how you can cure your swollen leg at home in comfort and with ease. Write for it to-day and read it.

CONSIDER THOSE SWOLLEN PAINFUL KNEES AND JOINTS.—They require correct and proper Treatment before it is too late. If there is a gnawing or cutting pain at the joint, if the knee is tender and swollen, if the joint cracks and creaks with movement. If it is stiff when you arise and walk after resting. It is high time you gave the matter serious attention. Possibly your trouble is Synovitis, Rheumatism, or Arthritis. It is important to know and act. Fibrosities may be growing around the joint to fix it like a vice. Then it will be too late. That is little hope for a fixed ankylosed joint. The ravages of prolonged Arthritis can never be undone. Some joint troubles can never be cured. There is, however, an earlier stage of hope and cure. Do not let joint troubles grow worse until too late.

A limited number of copies of this interesting Book with all particulars of the Treatment will be sent free to Sufferers. If you suffer from BAD LEGS, LEG ULCERS OR WOUNDS, PSORIASIS or ECZEMA PATCHES, WEEPING VARICOSE ECZEMA, VARICOSE VEINS, SWOLLEN LEGS, SWOLLEN and PAINFUL KNEES and JOINTS, or any other form of leg trouble, write to-day before the books are exhausted.

Sign the coupon below and get the Book. If your case is a curable one the Book will tell you how it can be cured.

Address your letter to Superintendent, National College of Health, Ward B.L., Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

FREE COUPON. **WARD B.L.**

ADDRESS—National College of Health, Great Clowes St., Broughton, Manchester.

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ADDRESS_____

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State Complaint _____

National College of Health, Ltd.

MAN OF 60 CURES GASTRIC ULCERS

Was 6 st. 8—Now "In the Pink"

Think what it means to a man of 60, who came out of hospital weighing only 6 st. 8 lbs., with gastric ulcers—"they could not get at them with the knife"—to have cured his trouble, to have regained his normal weight and to be able to eat anything.

And Mr. G. S....., of Cardiff, is only typical of thousands of men and women who have ended years of pain and suffering with this wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the formula they are using in all the leading hospitals. This is what he writes:—

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You should try this Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. Every doctor knows its formula and will tell you how good it is, what remarkable cures it has effected in his own practice and in all the leading hospitals.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

THE NATURAL WAY TO STOP A COUGH

FREE SAMPLE FROM YOUR CHEMIST

It is extraordinary how quickly coughs, sore throat and other bronchial troubles are cured by such natural and homely ingredients as Pine, Squills, Ipecac, Balsam of Tolu and Pure Honey. No matter what else you have tried for your cough or sore throat, try these ingredients combined in pleasant 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup; it soothes instantly; it cures quickly; simply and solely because it is Nature's prescription scientifically prepared. Half a teaspoonful of this extremely effective remedy will clear congested breathing passages, break up hard phlegm and fill your throat, chest and lungs with warming, healing vapours. You can get a free sample of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup from any chemist; a 1s. 6d bottle will stop the most stubborn cough.

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OUR TRAGEDIES—*and how they helped us*

by LETTER PARLIAMENT Contributors

Ambitious

AMBITIOUS, I went from one position to another, bettering myself each time, until the day came when I was discharged. What a blow! For months I brooded. Finally, I started a business with an extremely small capital.

I prospered and bought a larger, old-established business. Now I am the owner of a flourishing concern, and possess my own house and a capital which I could never have saved in a lifetime as an employee.

The tragedy of my first, and only, discharge was the turning-point in my life. —*E. C. T., London.*

Time for Others

My tragedy, which involved the death of my firstborn, certainly did me good. He was a beautiful boy of seven, and sometimes now I think I loved him too selfishly well.

Until this severe trial pulled me up, I had not much thought or sympathy for others who suffered; but now all selfishness has been knocked out of me, and my eyes are opened to the suffering of others.

I feel a better being now that a quick sympathy and generous understanding have ousted selfishness.—*F. P., Drybrook.*

Revealed

Sympathy and tolerance—these are the lessons learnt in the tragedy of my life. When the accident occurred by which my husband was fatally injured, I thought that life was all over for me. To a dazed mind, the inquest and funeral seemed but phases of an unpleasant dream.

Gradually I awoke to the gentle ministrations of sympathetic neighbours, not the least being those I had always classified as unfriendly.

The revelation that the roughest exterior may hide an interior of purest gold has taught me the valuable quality of understanding.—*Widow, Hull.*

Welcomed Back

When my daughter left me to marry a "ne'er-do-well." I was almost heart-broken. Everyone agreed that the man was a waster, and that she was asking for trouble; but she was determined.

Worse still, she went with him to British Columbia, where he proposed to "make good." However, following a successful mining venture, which made my daughter independent for life, he died.

My daughter came home again and placed in my arms the loveliest little grandson imaginable.—*R. Ferrers, Dorset.*

One Blot

At the age of eighteen I was sentenced to three days' cell punishment for an innocent offence committed in a barrack-room.

Why it was good for me is shown on my service certificate after twenty-one years—character for 1905, good; then very good for the next twenty years; also long service and good conduct medals.

But at the back of the certificate is shown those three days, which always remind me to watch my steps.—*J. F., Kilmarnock.*

The Forgotten Bride

ALL about the house were signs of festivity. To-morrow was my wedding-day, and I, the bride, at this eleventh hour, realised I did not love the bridegroom. Should I tell him?

Then I thought of all the money spent, the preparations made, the scandal that would follow, and I decided to go through with it.

The bridegroom failed to appear at the church. People said "What a tragedy!" They little knew that my fiance's heartless conduct had unwittingly saved me from a loveless marriage and a life of unhappiness.—A., Bedminster.

Lesson Learnt

All my life I had been argumentative and bad-tempered, inclined to rage or sulk as the mood took me. I had a seizure, and for six months could not talk, and was entirely dependent upon the ministrations of others.

My tragedy was good for me, as it taught me patience, consideration for others, the wonderful work done by the nurses in our hospitals, and to show as well as feel appreciation for all my wife does for me.—*S. F., Bristol.*

All Worse Off

I do not believe in peace at any price, but the tragedy of the Great War knocked all the illusion out of my mind about the pomp and glory of war, the glittering prizes, and other foolish beliefs of the warmongers.

My four years' experience showed me what it really was—a horrible welter of bloodshed, carnage, beastliness, maimed and ruined lives, achieving nothing useful and leaving victor and vanquished equally impoverished.

Furthermore, the nations who indulged in it are now reaping the results of their tragic folly.

I preach peace now, not war.—*D. Anderson, Altrincham.*

Happy Ending

I was dismissed for drinking, and, having no references, became a pavement artist.

Coppers were scarce, and I made barely enough to keep my wife and baby from actual want. The remorse and agony I suffered is known to me alone.

One day a woman examined my pictures, asked me some questions, and we found that her husband and my father had been schoolmasters together.

My immediate needs were provided for and I was placed in a training college, with allowances.

Since then—total abstinence, the best job I ever had, and family happiness.—*C. W., Glamorgan.*

Betrayed Trust

At the age of twenty-one I received a legacy of £500. At the time I was being courted by a young solicitor, who persuaded me to entrust him with the money for investment.

I did so, but shortly afterwards he shot himself in a London hotel. Investigation into his affairs disclosed not only appalling muddle, but systematic dishonesty.

Had we married, it is clear we could never have been happy, and the crash was bound to have come sooner or later. —*E. R., Mere.*

Better Vision

My parents were rich, I had exalted plans for myself, and my scholastic successes at an early age rendered me proud, overbearing and narrow-minded.

The sudden failure of my father's business and his consequent breakdown in health forced me, at the age of sixteen, to earn my own living. I became an elementary school teacher, a profession which I had previously scorned.

My widened outlook and my realisation of the heroism of others under overwhelming misfortunes have cured me of my "swelled head" and self-satisfaction. —*M. F., Northampton.*

* * *

I was run over and found myself in hospital. What I saw there opened up a new vista. I entered as a probationer, and now I find joy in helping others along the path to life and health.—*L. B., Hants.*

My husband left me and two children. It showed me my true friends, who rallied round me in my trouble, and, best of all, my children idolise me.—*R. P., Torquay.*

A telegram informing me of a death cured me of a previous shock received in the war.—*E. J., Glam.*

Mother died suddenly, leaving me as helpless as a baby. But it made me look on life from a different angle, taught me to become self-reliant, and that I was put into this world to be of use, instead of an ornament.—*M. C., Golborne.*

My father died and I was left penniless. I was thankful to get a job in a drapery stores. Now I am the happy and sheltered wife of the junior partner of the firm.—*Mrs. Q., Bedford.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, January 10.

The Soundest Advice I Ever Had.

EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS

Selections for January 7

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Liverpool v. Newcastle.
(2) Chelsea v. HUDDERSFIELD.
*(3) W.B. ALBION v. Blackpool.
(4) Birmingham v. EVERTON.
(5) Bolton v. Aston Villa.
(6) LEEDS v. Blackburn.
(7) LEICESTER v. Wolverhampton.
(8) Middlesbro' v. Manchester C.
(9) PORTSMOUTH v. Sheffield U.
(10) WEDNESDAY v. Derby County.
(11) Sunderland v. ARSENAL.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) MILLWALL v. Bury.
(2) Preston v. Plymouth.
(3) HOTSPUR v. Stoke.
**(4) BRADFORD C. v. Chesterfield.
(5) Burnley v. Bradford.
(6) GRIMSBY v. Charlton.
(7) MANCHESTER U. v. Southampton.
(8) NOTTS C. v. West Ham.
(9) Oldham v. Forest.
(10) PORT VALE v. Lincoln.
(11) SWANSEA v. Fulham.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

*(1) EXETER v. Coventry.
(2) ALDERSHOT v. C. Palace.
(3) Torquay v. BRENTFORD.
(4) BOSCOMBE v. Orient.
(5) BRIGHTON v. Watford.
*(6) BRISTOL R. v. Gillingham.
(7) LUTON v. Bristol City.
(8) NEWPORT v. Northampton.
*(9) NORWICH v. Cardiff.
(10) Q.P. Rangers v. Southend.
(11) READING v. Swindon.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) GATESHEAD v. Hull.
(2) Stockport v. Doncaster
**(3) WREXHAM v. Hartlepools.
**(4) ACCRINGTON v. N. Brighton.
**(5) CREWE v. Darlington.
(6) Mansfield v. Barrow.
(7) ROCHDALE v. York.
(8) Rotherham v. CHESTER.
*(9) SOUTHPORT v. Carlisle.
(10) TRANMERE v. Halifax.
(11) WALSALL v. Barnsley.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE

*(1) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Dundee.
(2) KILMARNOCK v. Cowdenbeath.
(3) Morton v. CELTIC.
(4) QUEEN'S PARK v. E. Stirling.
**(5) RANGERS v. Airdrie.
**(6) ABERDEEN v. Ayr.
(7) Falkirk v. Third Lanark.
(8) Clyde v. MOTHERWELL.
(9) Hamilton v. Partick.
(10) HEARTS v. St. Mirren.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—3 (*H*); Div. II.—4 (*H*); Southern Section—3 (*A*); Northern Section—5 (*H*); Scottish League—6 (*H*) would indicate W.B. Albion, Bradford City, Brentford, Crewe and Aberdeen.

ADAMSON Buys a Pup

The Editor Laughs Last

C. D. (Staines).—"On a very cold day, how is it best to dress?" Quickly.

A. E. (Dorking).—"There is always more room on the top." Except on a pyramid.

D. M. (Colchester).—"A horse named Button recently won a race." It came off.

P. N. (Faversham).—"I believe in myself." Credulous fellow!

B. A. (Palmers Green).—"My son is no earthly good." Then why not make him an airman?

R. M. (Retford).—"I dare say you get worse letters than this to read." Then you dare say anything.

M. D. (Rochester).—"I always look on both sides of a thing." That's a wise way to buy gramophone records.

T. L. (Lewisham).—"I think we have had enough of this money business." Yet we want more of both.

H. F. (Bury).—"What can one grow in the garden at this time of the year?" Tired.

D. C. (Northampton).—"Seeing is believing." Not always. Most wives see their husbands every day.

C. P. (Bedford).—"Why do women give their husbands cigars as Christmas presents?" To cure them of smoking.

WRITER (Soho).—"His plays will be played when Shakespeare's are forgotten." But not till then.

N. B. (Bow).—"Mannequins often go home thoroughly exhausted." Yes, it's a wearing job.

MAC. (Chester).—"I had an awfu' dream." Dreamt you were back hame again?

L. D. (Oldham).—"I say 'Give the income-tax collector his due.'" You'll have to pretty soon now.

T. B. (Southwark).—"Stock Exchange speculators need faith and hope." Followed, before long, by charity.

DAN (Birkenhead).—"Many footballers play bridge." That is where they differ from many bridge-players.

A. K. (Esher).—"I would never take up hiking as a hobby." We presume you are a postman.

W. P. (Worcester).—"Some London theatres are cold." The idea is to encourage applause.

F. J. (Ely).—"After I had sung one song the audience demanded another." Singer?

H. K. (Watford).—"There is an economy wave in Hollywood." Times are so bad that some of the stars are making the same husbands do.

WAITER (London, W.).—"I ask you—how can a mere restaurant waiter turn his hand to profitable enterprise?" Palm upwards.

MANAGER (W.C.).—"Why do some people leave the theatre when there is still one more act to come?" Because there is still one more act to come.

P. M. (York).—"I may be a fool, but I manage to keep my head above water." Naturally; the emptier a thing is the longer it floats.

G. K. (Bournemouth).—"I am a phrenologist, and this year I have done better business than ever." A sort of bumper year.

GOLFER (Crews Hill).—"We shall soon see the end of the expensive golf ball." We saw the end of half a dozen last week-end.

MRS. J. (Watford).—"My husband lost some money from his trousers pocket, but he said at once that he didn't suspect me." Why, was there still some left?

MRS. T. (Chester).—"I don't need a housemaid; I do all the work myself." We'll recommend ours to you—you'd just suit her.

FUTURIST ARTIST (Chelsea).—"I send you a painting by myself and one by my five-year-old daughter." Yes, but you haven't marked which is which.

W. N. (Bourne).—"Which of your Christmas presents did you most appreciate?" An expanding w.p.b. from a sympathiser.

S. N. (Brighton).—"Mr. Norman, of the Bank of England, says he approaches depression problems not only in ignorance but also in humility." Politicians would be in the same boat if only they had the humility.

E. R. (Paisley).—"A chorus-girl in a new film rides round the ballroom of a night-club on an old donkey." The usual method, of course, is to dance with one.

D. C. (Droitwich).—"The modern girl makes her elders sit up." Rot, she has her own latchkey.

F. J. (Esher).—"I sowed my wild oats years ago." We trust you've grown sage since.

PATRIOTIC (Shepley).—"What do we owe to America that we can't return if we wish?" Hollywood films and gunmen.

A. P. C. (London, W.).—"Women knit in restaurants." So do men. Their brows. When the bill arrives.

IVY (Cricklewood).—"My intention to marry George is being kept as a secret." From whom—George?

T. R. (Frome).—"My job requires brains." Don't you get tired of doing nothing all day?

F. N. (Bodmin).—"What part of this letter pleases you most?" The wide margin.

T. N. (Walton).—"My wife and I often have different opinions." But she doesn't know it?

T. M. (Leicester).—"What beats a rattling good car?" One that doesn't rattle.

N. W. (Barnes).—"I am an actor, but not a very good one." You don't sound like an actor at all.

H. B. (Exeter).—"Conversation is a lost art." Have you never had to wait outside a telephone box?

H. N. (Pimlico).—"I get my complexion from mother's side of the family." Are they chemists?

COMPOSER (Colne).—"I set my New Year's resolution to music." And now it's a broken melody?

A. N. (Epsom).—"Though this article is my thirteenth attempt, I am not superstitious." We are.

H. A. (London, W.).—"I have half a mind to become a Government official." That's all you'll need.

A. G. (Peterborough).—"Whose heart isn't gladdened by the sight of a blazing log fire?" Any coal merchant's.

C. H. (Manchester).—"An American has invented a laminated golf club." Golfers will be grateful for the new adjective.

D. C. M. (Edinburgh).—"What will be the outcome of all this talk about disarmament?" More talk, we suppose.

MRS. D. (Chelsea).—"Navy-blue carpets are likely to become all the rage." Splendid! Just the colour of fountain-pen ink!

D. C. (Ipswich).—"Ice-skating gives one an appetite." Even if at first you find it more comfortable to take your meals standing up.

G. H. (Wadebridge).—"There should be films to cater for the interests of the modern child." The only thing is, would the censor pass them?

D. W. (Boston).—"The crowd cheered as I crashed the ball into the net." They evidently wanted your opponent to win the ping-pong tournament.

M. C. (Totnes).—"How do you advise me to trace some long-lost relatives?" Announce that you have inherited a fortune.

B. N. (Kettering).—"It is correct etiquette to pause a little in a doorway before entering a room." Unless, of course, it happens to be a revolving door.

J. N. (Oxford).—"I feel I am drifting. Could you advise me as to the best method of finding myself?" Yes; lose yourself in your job.

T. M. (Lowestoft).—"Writing this letter has made my hand numb with cold." It would affect our circulation, too, if we published it.

W. A. P. (Catford).—"The way to keep young is to live with young people." And the way to get old is to try to keep up with them.

W. H. (Newcastle).—"My neighbours are always advising me to take up chess as a hobby." What's your present hobby—playing the piano?

MRS. T. (Westminster). — "A photograph was recently taken of an M.P. while he was deep in thought." It must be nice to have a record preserved of one's red-letter days.

F. E. S. (Perth).—"We mustn't ever let a scrap of paper alter our world again." Agreed—but you wouldn't mind your world altered by a £1,500 cheque for a *Bullets* coupon from page 39. It's a record offer, and open for one week only.

D. K. P. (Lincoln).—"I could tell you the winner of practically every event at a greyhound racing meeting." So could we—the hare.

W. S. (Kenton).—"A London man is reported to have been given a shock by a chinchilla." He must have walked into the shop and asked its price.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day! The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

YOU CANNOT AGE QUICKER THAN YOUR ARTERIES

Prevent their hardening by flushing out through the kidneys the impurities which rob them of their normal elasticity, says medical man.

Constantly forming impurities and poisons, such as uric acid, urate of soda, etc., if allowed to remain in the blood soon deposit on the walls of the arteries which harden and no longer regulate the blood pressure by expanding and contracting. In extreme cases they are unable to cope with the increased flow of blood which follows any shock, excitement or quick exertion. The resultant high blood pressure seriously affects the heart, and in some cases may even prove fatal. If you experience pains around the heart or suffer from palpitation after hurrying upstairs, start to remedy your condition at once. Delay may be dangerous. Drink occasionally a tumbler of water in which you have dissolved a level teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates,' a supply of which is obtainable at slight cost from any chemist. This alkaline medicinal water will quickly neutralise and wash out the acidulous impurities which cause all the trouble. Try this and notice how much better and younger you feel as your arteries are rejuvenated and regain normal elasticity.

Think it over, man!

"ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" does show many unusual ways of carving out a successful career in Engineering—chances that otherwise would be missed. Can you, can any man with a thought for his future, neglect learning of these chances. Think it over, man. Can you?

HERE IS WISE COUNSEL. Send for your copy of "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" to-day, free and without obligation. Among its 250 pages "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" gives details of all Examinations, (A.M.I.Mech.E., I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., G.P.O., etc.), outlines Home-study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero, Radio and "Talkie" Engineering, and explains the activities of our Employment Department. Do not delay. Send a postcard at once. There is no charge.

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Millionaire Now Tells

Why He Married Poor Working Girl

"The moment she looked up at me I was fascinated by the clear, fresh white beauty of her skin. I decided there and then I wanted her to be my wife."

Any woman can now easily have a skin that is soft, white and smooth—the kind of skin all men love and admire. Simply start the daily use of the new Crème Tokalon Skinfood, White Colour (non-greasy). It contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away. Whitens and softens darkest, roughest skin. Gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning.